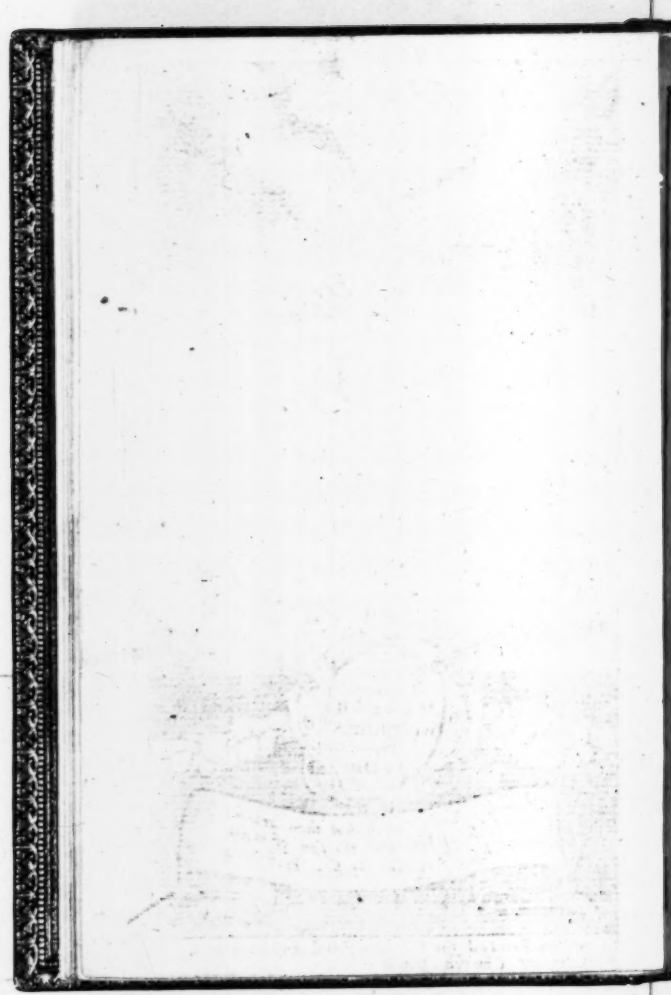
London Printed for Jo: Stafford dwelling in
St. Brides Church-yard—



GODS LOVE

AND

Mans Unworthineſs:

Whereunto is annexed a Diſcourſe between the

SOUL & SATAN.

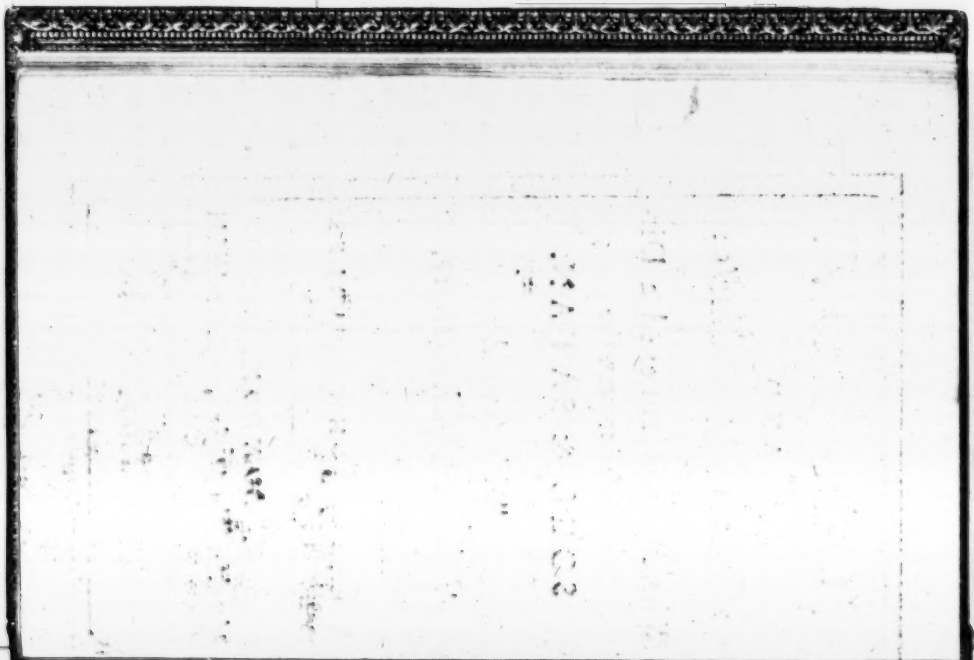
With ſeveral

Divine Ejaculations.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Stafford*, and are to be ſold at his houſe in S. *Brides* Church yard, and by *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Princes Armes in St. *Pauls* Church yard, and *John Holden* at the blue Anchor in the new Exchange. 1651.



TO

My much-honoured and Esteemed Friend, *Edward Benlowes*, Esq;.

SIR,

I Am confident you cannot have greater cause to wonder at my boldness, then I have reason to admire at your Learning, and Piety; for indeed the rare example of your virtues added much alacrity to my endeavours, which are but shallow if compar'd to the depth of your understanding. Sir, the limits of my request (though they are large) extend themselves no further then this, *That You would be pleas'd to permit this my unfleg'd bird to rest under the wings of Your protection*, that I may ever be engag'd to boast of so worthy a Patron: Sir, as I know I have errors, so I know you have goodness to excuse them, and I a heart to be thankfull, and alwayes be a faithfull honourer of Your Virtues, whilest I am

Sir, *Your Servant to Command*,

JOHN QUARLES.

To the Reader.

Kinde Reader,

LET me lay this Injunction upon thee, before thou permitteſt thy eye to ſurvey this little Volume, which is, That thou wilt reſolve to pardon; *I will not ſay for what, for fear thou ſhouldſt be ſcrupulous and not Read: The Subject is Divine, and I confeſs too good to be ſo badly handled; however I have done my beſt endeavour, and* Alexander *did no more when he conquered Kingdomes: But Reader, becauſe I will not detain thine eye too long in one place, I bid thee*

Farewell.

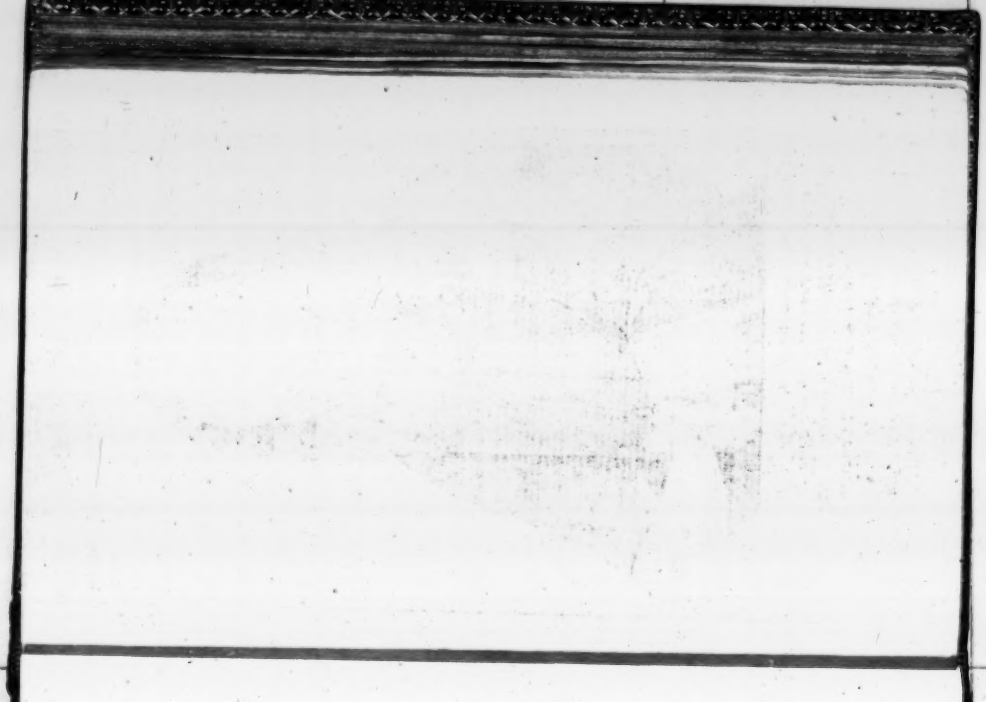
TO

To my Muſe.

TEL me preſumptuous *Muſe* how dar'ſt thou (treat
Upon a Subject ſo ſublime, ſo great!
Alas how dare thy infancy aſpire
So high as *Heaven*, where the cæleſtial quire
Of ſoul-enchanting Angels, hourely ſing,
Anthems of Joy to their mellifluous King!
This is a taske that invocates the beſt
And loftieſt quils; *Heav'ns* love muſt not b'expreſt
With wanton language: he that ſhall preſume
To labour in this work, muſt firſt perfume
His *Soul* with true divinity, and breathe
Celeſtiall ayres, that *Readers* may perceive
Their *Author* labours with a ſerious heart
T' embalm his actions with divineſt art;
This is a field whoſe ſpacious bounds extend
Themſelves to infinite; who ſtrives to end
Shall ſtill begin, and having once begun
This pleaſing progreſs, muſt not ceaſe to run
Untill he ſtops in *Heaven*, there lyes the gain,
Who runs with *Faith* is certain to obtain.
If then my *Muſe*, thou canſt divinely mount
This Sacred *Stage*, thou needſt not fear t'account
Thy

Thy actions proſperous, ſtrive thou to ſtand
Guarded with *Faith*, and *Heav'n* will lend a hand
To prop thee up, his power will infuſe
Sufficient matter for an active *Muſe*
To work upon, his wiſdome will direct
Thy painfull hand, his mercies will correct
Thy rambling thoughts, and teach thee to proclaim
Th' unſum'd up glories of his Royall Name;
Abandon earth, and bid vain thoughts adeu
Thou canſt not ſerve thy *God* and *Mammon* too;
Rouſe then, and let thy well-prun'd Eagles wings
Mount thee aloft, let not terreſtiall things
Diſturbe thy reſolutions, let them all
Evade thy minde; thy thoughts muſt grow too tall
For ſuch low toyes: ſtir up thy zealous fire,
And what thou canſt not well expreſſe, admire.

GODS



See, heer, a Phœnix rare, raiſ'd from ỹ duſt
of precious Parents; Fathers Effigies juſt.
Who for his Genius & ingenious Parts,
Of Learning, Worth, & Witt, to Conquer hearts
By pleaſant Poetry; Seemes to inherit
(By Tranſmigration) his rare Fathers Spirit,
As, old Pythagras held: So ſweetly, Hee
Doth Patrizare, in full Ex'llencie./

Gods Love,

AND

Mans Unworthineſs.

GOD! how that word hath thunder-clapt my (Soul
Into a raviſhment; I muſt condole
My forward weakneſs; Ah, where ſhall I find
Sufficient *Metaphors* t'expreſs my mind?
Thou heart-amuſing word, how haſt thou fil'd
My Soul with *Halelujahs*, and diſtil'd
Wonders into me! Oh, that I could break
My heart in pieces, and divinely ſpeak
My mind in Raptures, that the frantique Earth
May bathe it ſelf in theſe ſweet ſtreams of mirth.

Then rouze my Soul, and practiſe how to turn
Thy wonders into language; do not burn
Thy ſacred fuel in a place where none
Can have the benefit but thee alone.
Hoiſt up thy Sails, and let thy ſpeedy motion
Hurry thee hence into the boundleſs *Ocean*:
Obſerve thy *compaſs*, keep a conſtant pace,
And Heav'n will ſteer thee to the Port of Grace.
'Tis ſtrange to think, how the *Almighty* can
(That is ſo pure) love ſuch a thing as *Man*,
Whoſe primitive corruption makes him worſe
Then nothing, whoſe *Rebellion* claims a curſe,
More then affection: How can *Heav'n* endure
A thing that can be nothing but impure?
Man (like a word that's voyd of reaſon) ſounds
In every ear, his very name expounds
A miſery; at beſt, he needs muſt be
But vain; And how can *Heav'n* love vanitie?
Man (like a ſhadow) flies before the Sun
Of his *afflictions*, and is ſtill undone
By his own doing, he's his own purſuer;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a ſelf-undoer?
Man (like a naked worm) is often found
Digging himſelf into the loathſom ground
Of ruine, he's a *Traytor* to his Bliſs;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a *worm* as this?

Man

Man (like a flaſh of lightning) courts the world
With laviſh flames, and by and by is hurl'd
Into that Nothing, whence at firſt it came;
Then how can God love ſuch a ſhort-liv'd flame?
Man (like a Reed) is evermore inclin'd
To ſhake, and totter with each blaſt of wind;
He's always running to the ground with ſpeed:
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch an earthly Reed?
Man (like the duſt) is always blown, and toſt
From place to place, and flies, till it has loſt
Its Center; never reſting in one place: (face?
Then how can Heav'n love that which flies in's
Man (like a Fly) ſtill buzzes up and down
From cup to cup, and ſips on, till he drown
Himſelf in pleaſure; fears no ſtander by:
And how can Heav'n love ſuch a drunken Fly?
Man (like a Rain-bow) oftentimes appears
Clothed in colours, but can claim no years,
No days, nay hardly hours, but muſt decay;
And how can heav'n love that which loves no ſtay?
Man (like a bubble) floats upon the waves
Of his *deſires*, whilſt every blaſt enſlaves
His brittle ſubſtance, fill'd with windy troubles;
And how can *heav'n* love ſuch unconſtant bubbles?
Man (like the froth) ſpew'd from the *Oceans* breſt,
Is tyded up and down, but knows no reſt,

Nor perpetuity; and can betroth
It ſelf to nothing: *Heav'n* loves no ſuch froth.
Man (like the wind) is every moment flying
To every place, and hates to be complying
Or reſting any where: How can it be,
That *Heav'n* can love ſo much inconſtancie?
Man (like a Swallow) loves the fragrant Spring
Of Earths delights, but with a ſpreading wing
Flies from the Winters more congealed breſt;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a Summer gueſt?
Man (like a ſmoak) preſumptuouſly aſpires
Into the air, and by and by retires
Himſelf to nothing, nothing's his concluſion;
And how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a baſe confuſion?
Man (like a fire) whoſe green and ſcragged fuel
Denies to burn, until it fight a duel
With the incount'ring Bellows, which atlaſt
Obtains the conqueſt, then it burns as faſt,
And ſeems, as 'twere, ambitious to expire;
Then how can *Heav'n* love ſuch a raging fire?
Man (like an arrow) being once let go
Out from the *Archers* well-commanded bow,
Affronts the Clouds; at laſt, having ſpent the ſtore
Of his ſmall ſtrength, fals down, and ſeems t'adore
Th'inferior Earth, which, with a welcom, hides
His down-caſt head within her wounded ſides,

VVhere

Where he remains, and ſcorns to be withſtood:
Man can be any thing, but what is good.
And cannot *Man* be good? ſtrange kind of tone!
What? has he wept himſelf into a ſtone,
Like *Niobie?* no ſure; I fear his eyes
Were never loaded with ſuch large ſupplies:
Ah, could he weep a flood, *Heav'n* that prepares
His ears to hear, would bottle up his tears
In his remembrance; every drop ſhould ſhine
Like *Pearls*, abſconded in a golden *Myne:*
His *ſins* command a *deluge*; could his head
Be turn'd into a *fountain*, could he ſhed
An *Ocean* at a drop, it could not cover
His ſins (which are mountanious) from the Lover
Of real *drops*; for he would ſoon diſcry
Thoſe ſand-excelling *crimes*, where e're they lie:
Yet would his *Soul* ſo much compaſſionate
The flowing ſorrows of his wat'ry ſtate,
That with a calming hand he would remove
His rocky *ſins*, and hide them with his Love;
He would have pity, and with ſpeed conſent
T'expreſs his *love*, when all our *tears* are ſpent.
Should *Heav'n*, who juſtly may, for every *ſin*
Drop down a *plague*, and make it live within
Mans guilty Soul, the world would quickly be
Tranſform'd, and chang'd into a *leproſie*.

Let none diſpair, for *Heav'ns* known mercies can
Out-infinite the greateſt *ſins* of *man*.
Oh love beyond degree! Shall Heav'n indulge
Himſelf to *Man*? and ſhall not *Man* divulge
A gratefulneſs to him, whoſe hand prepares
To wipe away his ſin-polluted *cares*?
Ungrateful *Miſcreant*, how canſt thou view
Thy former *miſeries*, and not renew
Thy thanks to him, whoſe *power* ſet thee free,
And brought thee back from thy *captivity*?
Haſt thou abandon'd *Love*? Wilt thou imprint
Thy *Soul* with baſeneſs? Ah, what obvious flint
Hath turn'd Affections edg? What, art thou bent
To ſhoot at him, that labours to prevent
The arrows of thy ruine, which will fly
Into thy breſt, except he puts them by?
Haſt thou transform'd thy heart into a rock
That will not move? Shall mercy call, and knock,
And thou not hear? What? haſt thou arm'd thy (heart
With ſenſleſs marble, that no flaming dart
Of Love can enter? Haſt thou vow'd to ſtand
In oppoſition? Cannot *Gods* Command
Force thee to bow? Art thou reſolv'd to ſport
With thy deſtruction, and not yield the Fort?
Oh yield be times; do not reſolve to be
Too much a ſlave to Infidelitie:

For

For know (frail wretch) thy ſtrēgth conſiſts in clay;
When *Mercy*'s loſt, then *Judgment* finds the way.
Rally thy thoughts together, and throw down
Thy brazen walls, thy yielding yields a Crown:
For 'tis in vain to oppoſe an arm that can
Out-graſp the meaſure of ſo ſmall a ſpan.
Alas, Alas! it may be quickly ſeen
What a large diſproportion is between
Thy *God*, and thee: Conſider, he is all,
And thou art nothing; what can be more ſmall?
Or what more great? for he is infinite,
And thou art finite; He is full of light,
And thou of darkneſs; He is fill'd with Love,
And thou art ſtuff'd with baſeneſs; He's a *Dove*,
And thou a *Worm*: Thus, thus thou mayſt diſcry
His *firmneſs*, and thine own *infirmity*.
Then be not obſtinate, but ſtrike the ſails
Of thy deſires to him that never fails;
And know, 'tis eaſie in an inch of time
To take a *worm* ingarriſon'd with ſlime;
For ſuch a thing thou art, and all thy power
Muſt yield to *Heav'ns* aſſaults; thy *April* ſhowre
Has no continuance: therefore do not ſtrive
Againſt a *God*, whoſe Wiſdom can contrive
What pleaſes him: Alas! thy ſtate is grounded
Upon contingencies, thou art compounded

Of nothing but uncertainties; thy arm
Aſſumes no power, except it be to harm
Thy wilful ſelf: Then why wilt thou contend
With him that importunes to be thy Friend?
Thy Friend, (Soul-ſaving word) what higher Bliſs
Can crown a heart, then ſuch a Friend as this?
Oh life of Raviſhment! how can it be
A *God*, a *Worm*, and yet a ſympathie?
Strange condeſcention! was the like e're known,
Or ſpoke by any mouth, except his own?
His balmy breath declares, that he will ſave
And ſuccor thoſe that faithfully do crave
His bleſt aſſiſtance: Hark, and hear him ſay,
Ye that are heavy loaded, come away,
Oh come to me, I am content to bear
Your burthens, and extenuate your care.
What higher note of love was ever ſtrain'd
To any ear? Oh how hath man obtain'd
So great a friendſhip! 'Tis a happy lot,
Nay, and a wonder not to be forgot.
And yet it is not ſtrange, that he ſhould prove
So true a Lover, that's compos'd of Love,
And can do nothing elſe: If he correct,
'Tis for thy crimes; he only has th'effect
Of anger: for his grieved Spirit moans
To puniſh ſinners, and to hear their groans.

His

His Soul takes no delight to cruſh to death
Th'offending priſ'oners of th' inferior Earth:
He is the rich Exchequor of all good,
And is by nothing (except man) withſtood.
All things perform what they were made to do,
But only man, that ſtrives to prove untrue
To his Creator: nothing can be found
Within thy breſt, but that which is unſound.
How ſad it is to hear th'Almighty ſay,
I've nouriſh'd children, that are gone aſtray,
And ſcorn to own me! Oh rebellious duſt!
That hate my paths, becauſe my ways are juſt.
The *Ox* will know his Owner, and the *Aſs*
His Maſters crib; but *Iſrael*, alas,
Will not acknowledg me, but have deſtroy'd
Themſelves, and made their underſtandings voyd:
Has not my fury then juſt cauſe to ſwell,
Becauſe they can do nothing but rebel?
Nefandeous Creature, how canſt thou endure
Thy wretched ſelf? Ah, why wilt thou procure
Thine own deſtructions? Shall all *creatures* be
Obedient to their *owners*, only thee?
And wilt thou not acknowledg him that gave
Large bleſſings to thee, and deſires to ſave
Thy Soul from torments, if thou wouldſt incline
Thy will to his, whoſe thoughts are all divine?

For-

Forget obduracy, and learn the art
Of loving him, that loves an upright heart:
Go ruminate upon thy baſe eſtate,
And be, unto thy ſelf, compaſſionate.
Yield to thy Maker with a cheerful brow;
Firſt know what 'tis to love, and after, how.
Love is the *Laws* Fulfiller; he that will
Love *God* aright, muſt practiſe how to fill
His Soul with true affection; for the ways
Of Heav'n are pav'd with Love: Immortal praiſe
Attend his Courts; He that forgets to love
Forgets his *God*: They that deſire to prove
Heav'ns amatorious Gueſts, muſt firſt admire
How ſuch a ſpark as Man came to aſpire
To ſuch a flame, and how he came to be,
Not only *Earths*, but *Heav'ns*, Epitomie:
Be ſerious then, and let thy thoughts reflect
Upon Heav'ns goodneſs, and thy diſreſpect.
God out of Nothing (except Love) compil'd
This ſpacious World, as if ſome princely child
Were to be born: His providential care
Was (as it were) ambitious to prepare
The quinteſſence of pleaſures to invite
Some ſtately Gueſt to banquet with delight.
Firſt he extracted from a darkſom Cell
A glorious Light, whoſe beauty pleas'd him well:
Then

Then he prepar'd a *Canopie*, inlayd
With glittring Pearl, whoſe twinkling luſter made
A heav'nly ſhew; and afterwards his hand
Daſht back the waters from the naked Land:
Then he commanded, that the Earth, being come
Out from the Oceans new delivered womb,
Should be adorn'd with an imbroidered Gown,
That ſo her new-warm'd bowels might abound
With ſeveral fruits. _____

_____Thus having playd his part
Upon this Theatre, this life of art,
He uſher'd in a thing, which pleas'd him beſt,
(He made the Feaſt, and after made the Gueſt;)
Call'd by the name of *Man*, a naked, ſmall,
And duſty, ſhiftleſs Creature; this was all,
And all this nothing, but a lump of death,
Until inſpir'd by *Heav'ns* all-quick'ning breath.
Vain, ſimple wretch; ah, how couldſt thou behave
Thy ſelf before a *Judg*, ſo great, ſo grave?
Hadſt thou but ſeen thy ſelf, thou wouldſt have
Thy ſelf to death, and with a bluſh, defy'd (cry'd
Thy baſe eſtate, to think that thou ſhouldſt be
Natures moſt rude and baſe *Anatomie*.
Couldſt thou expect that Heav'n would entertain
A thing ſo poor? ſo weak? ſo vile? ſo vain?

VVhich

Which, like a ſpark blown from a new-made fire,
Can only ſhew it ſelf, and then expire.
Was it for this the All-Creator made
Such large Proviſions? Was't for this he layd
Such rich Foundations? Was't for this his Power
Deckt this well-pleaſing odoriferous Bower?
Was it for this (this little world) he form'd
A world ſo great? Was it for this he warm'd
The Earths chill boſom? Was't for this he ſpent
His ſix days labour? Was't for this intent
He made a *Paradiſe*? where *Flora* ſpread
Her fragrant Off-ſpring, and made Earth a bed
Of rare compounded Pleaſures, where he plac'd
This new-come *Gueſt*, whoſe very looks diſgrac'd
The face of beauty, to whoſe thriftleſs hand
He gave that *Government*, with this Command:

Of all the trees that here thou doſt behold,
Thy lips being authoriz'd, thou mayſt be bold
To taſte with freedom, only one, which I
Conjure thee from, therefore reſtrain thine eye
From luſting after it; if not, thy breath
Shall glut it ſelf in everlaſting death:
Forget not my Commands, but let thy breſt
Be always faithful, and thou ſhalt be bleſt.

Thus the *Recorder* having ſpoke at large
This well-deliv'red (although ill-kept) Charge,
He after ſaid; *It*

It is not good that Man ſhould be alone
Without a help, Ile therefore make him one.
Oh ſacred Prudence! Here we may diſcern
A ſweet Conjunction; here our Souls may learn
Wiſdom and Love, both which, if not enjoy'd,
Pleaſures prove vanities, and Bleſſings voyd.
Heav'n, whoſe unidle artful hand had ſet
Man, as a Jewel, in his Cabinet,
Thought it unfit, that thoſe delights which he
Had made by his moſt powerful Love, ſhould be
Monopoliz'd by one, he therefore laid
Adam aſleep, and having done, he made
Out of a crooked rib (ſtrange kind of art)
A woman, fair, compleat, in every part;
Nay, and a helper too; for in concluſion
She helpt poor *Adam* to his own confuſion.
Oh moſt deteſted deed! Unconſtant wife,
To prove a Traytor to thy husbands life
As ſoon as made: Fond wretch, could nothing ſuit
With thy nice pallate, but forbidden fruit?
Ah, could thy longing lie no longer hid?
What? didſt thou long, becauſe thou wert forbid?
Was there no tree that could content thine eye,
But only that which was forbidden? Fie,
Oh ſhame to think thou ſhouldſt ſo quickly waſte
Thine hours of pleaſure for a minutes taſte:

Couldſt

Couldſt thou not like, or fall in love with any
But that? *Heav'n* had but one, & thou hadſt many
Wherewith to pleaſe thine appetite; and yet
Wouldſt thou prove ſo ambitious, as to ſit
Upon the higheſt twigg? Ah, could th'advice
Of Satan tempt thee to this avarice
With ſo much eaſe, and make thee raſhly do
So foul a deed, and tempt thy *Adam* too?
Prepoſterous wretch, how haſt thou ſpread a cloud
Over thy head? What? didſt thou think to ſhrowd
Thy ſelf from vengeance? Having eat thy death,
Couldſt thou expect to live? Oh no, thy breath
Offended Heav'n: but ah, hadſt thou but thought
(Before thy heart had entertain'd a fault
So great as this) what 'twas to dye, thy mind
Had made thee more abſtemious, and confin'd
Thy baſe inordinate deſires; thy meat
Had prov'd delightful, and thy comforts great:
But now, unhappy now, thy crimes have made
Thy Soul Deaths debtor, and thou art betray'd
By thine own ſelf; therefore prepare to meet
Thy wrathful *Judg*: 'tis ſaid, ſtoln goods are ſweet;
But thine provd ſour, the fruits wch thou haſt ſtole
Sugar'd thy mouth, but wormwoodiz'd thy Soul:
When thou hadſt eaten, Ah! why didſt thou not
Tremble to death, to think thou hadſt forgot

Thy

Thy Gods Commands, & that his Judgments muſt
Follow thy Soul, and blow thee into duſt?
Thus *Eve*, thus *Adam*, having vilipended
Their Gods Commands, their happines ſoon ended;
Their joys were turn'd to mourning, & their light
VVas turn'd to darkneſs, and their day to night:
Both being too much conſcious, fled with ſpeed
To hide themſelves from *God*, but not the deed.
Even as ſome poor diſtreſſed wretch deſires
To hide himſelf from the enraged fires
Of his incenſed Foe, runs up and down
To ſhun the rage of a condemning frown;
At laſt obſerving his enquiring Foe
Approach the place, lies ſtill, and dares not blow,
For fear the wordleſs Eccho of his breath
Should ſoon betray him to a ſudden death:
Being at laſt diſcery'd, his throbbing heart
Gives an Alarum to each trembling part;
Fear, like an Earthquake, then begins to ſhake
His loos'ned joynts, he knows not how to make
A ready anſwer to his foes demands;
But, as a ſad convicted man, he ſtands
Subjected to his will, that can diſpence
With nothing, but with death, to calm th'offence.
Even ſo guilt-loaded *Adam* having done
A deed ſo foul, prepares himſelf to run

To

To ſome cloſe ſhelter, where he might immure
His naked body, and repoſe ſecure:
But ah, in vain, in vain he ſtrove to hide
Himſelf from *God*, that need implore no guide
To teach him where his ſad offender lay;
He needs muſt find, when ſin hath chalk'd the way:
But when Heav'ns ſhril-enquiring voyce ſurroun-
The ears of *Adam*, *Adam* was confounded (ded
With deep diſtreſs, his heart began to call
His quivering Senſes to a Funeral:
Fear, like a powerful fire, began to thaw
His frozen thoughts, and keep his Soul in awe;
He breath'd in a *Dilemma*, and could find
No Sanctuary for a perjur'd mind:
At laſt the language of th'eternal *God*
Storm'd his ſin-armed Soul, and like a Rod
Whipt him from his ſecurity, and cry'd,
Adam, *where art thou? Adam* thus reply'd,
I heard thee walking in the pleaſing ſhade
Of the cool ev'ning, and I was afraid,
And hid my ſelf, becauſe I muſt confeſs,
I bluſht to ſee my ſhameful nakedneſs.

GOD.

Tell me, thou trembling wretch, how doſt thou (know
That thou art naked? ſay, who told thee ſo?

What?

hat? has thy lips uſurp'd the fruit which I
njur'd thee not to touch? if ſo, reply.

Adam.

The *woman* which thou gav'ſt me, gave to me,
d I did eat of the forbidden tree.

GOD.

Unconſtant *woman!* Ah, why haſt thou run
yond thy bounds? what's this that thou haſt (done?

Woman.

he *Serpents* flowing language ſwel'd too great
r my low *banks:* he tempted, and I eat.

Gods Curſe againſt the Serpent.

ecauſe thou haſt thus ſubtilly deluded
e luſtful *woman*, thou ſhalt be excluded
m future good; more ſhall thy curſes yield
n all the *beaſts* and *cattle* in the field:
y belly ſhall (becauſe thou haſt done this)
e to the earth a life-remaining kiſs;
u ſhalt not taſte of any thing that's good,
ſt ſhall ſupply the place of wholeſom food.
ſt be thy ways, thou ſhalt no more be ſeen
me: I will put enmity between

To ſome cloſe ſhelter, where he might immure
His naked body, and repoſe ſecure:
But ah, in vain, in vain he ſtrove to hide
Himſelf from *God*, that need implore no guide
To teach him where his ſad offender lay;
He needs muſt find, when ſin hath chalk'd the wa
But when Heav'ns ſhril-enquiring voyce ſurrou
The ears of *Adam*, *Adam* was confounded (d
VVith deep diſtreſs, his heart began to call
His quivering Senſes to a Funeral:
Fear, like a powerful fire, began to thaw
His frozen thoughts, and keep his Soul in awe;
He breath'd in a *Dilemma*, and could find
No Sanctuary for a perjur'd mind:
At laſt the language of th'eternal *God*
Storm'd his ſin-armed Soul, and like a Rod
VVhipt him from his ſecurity, and cry'd,
Adam, *where art thou? Adam* thus reply'd,
I heard thee walking in the pleaſing ſhade
Of the cool ev'ning, and I was afraid,
And hid my ſelf, becauſe I muſt confeſs,
I bluſht to ſee my ſhameful nakedneſs.

GOD. (know

Tell me, thou trembling wretch, how doſt thou
That thou art naked? ſay, who told thee ſo?

VVhat;

What? has thy lips uſurp'd the fruit which I
Conjur'd thee not to touch? if ſo, reply.

Adam.

The *woman* which thou gav'ſt me, gave to me,
And I did eat of the forbidden tree.

GOD.

Unconſtant *woman!* Ah, why haſt thou run
Beyond thy bounds? what's this that thou haſt (done?

Woman.

The *Serpents* flowing language ſwel'd too great
For my low *banks:* he tempted, and I eat.

Gods Curſe againſt the Serpent.

Becauſe thou haſt thus ſubtilly deluded
The luſtful *woman*, thou ſhalt be excluded
From future good; more ſhall thy curſes yield
Then all the *beaſts* and *cattle* in the field:
Thy belly ſhall (becauſe thou haſt done this)
Give to the earth a life-remaining kiſs;
Thou ſhalt not taſte of any thing that's good,
Duſt ſhall ſupply the place of wholeſom food.
Curſt be thy ways, thou ſhalt no more be ſeen
By me: I will put enmity between

Thy ſeed and hers; hereafter thou ſhalt feel
A bruiſed *head*, and ſhe a bruiſed *heel*.

Gods Curſe againſt the Woman.

And as for thee, oh *Woman*, I'le enlarge
Thy grief, and thy conception; I'le diſcharge
Thy joys, and load thee with a weighty grief;
Thy pains in child-bed ſhall find no relief:
Thou ſhalt deſire thy *huſband*, and his hand
Shall over-rule thee with a ſtrict command.

Adams Curſe.

Rebellious *Adam*, unto thee I'le give
A life as bad as *death*, for thou ſhalt live
To ſee thy ſorrows more and more abound,
And for thy ſake I'le curſe the loathed ground;
For thou haſt hark'ned to the conquering voyce
Of thy frail *wife*, and made my fruit thy choyce,
And ſepulchred my words within the grave
Of thy falſe *heart*; be gone, thou ſelf-made ſlave:
The thorny ground ſhall give a large increaſe
To thy laborious hand; the name of *Peace*
Shall prove a ſtranger to thy ears, and thou
Shalt eat thy bread with a ſweat-dropping brow.
I'le murther all thy joys; thy breſt ſhall burn
VVith flaming care, until thy corps return

Into

Into the bowels of th'incluſive earth, (birth:
From whence thou hadſt thy ſubſtance, and thy
For baſe thou art, and therefore thou ſhalt be
A food for gnawing *worms*, and not for me:
As thou art duſt, to duſt thou ſhalt retire;
Hereafter let not duſt preſume t'aſpire.
Strange alteration! Oh pernicious Fate!
Too quickly bred in ſuch an infant-*ſtate!*
He that but even now enjoy'd a life
Ballanc'd with pleaſures, now is rul'd with ſtrife:
He, whoſe majeſtick *Soul* was lately crown'd
With bleſt content, is now ingulf'd, and drown'd
In ſorrows *Ocean*; He which was before
Inrich'd with happineſs, is now as poor
As poverty can make him; He, which had
The countenance of *Heav'n* to make him glad,
Is now eclipſt; he knows not where to run,
Sin having interpos'd between the Sun
And his dark *Soul*, the Center of whoſe reſt
Is now remov'd, and he ſurvives unbleſt:
He, which but even now had leave to dwell
And revel in *Heav'ns* eye, deſires a Cell
To entertain him; he, which liv'd in *Peace*,
Is now thrown down, and forfeited his *leaſe*:
Great was his *Crime*, great was his ſudden Fall,
Great was his *Tenement*, his rent but ſmall:

Poor *Adam*'s taken by his own decoys;
Sin is the Sequeſtrator of all joys.
Sad *Pilgrim* of the world, where wilt thou find
(In the unpathed earth) a place ſo kind
To entertain thee? Ah, where wilt thou keep
(Thus tumbled from a *Precepes* ſo ſteep)
Thy ſad unpeopl'd randezvouz? Oh where
VVilt thou procure a hand that will unſnare
Th'intangled *Soul*? Alas, thy wearied *life*
Hath two moſt ſad companions; firſt a *Wife*,
Then a bad *Conſcience*; what two greater croſſes
Can hang upon a breſt, whoſe cares, whoſe loſſes,
Are grown ſo infinite, that no relief,
But what diſtills from Heav'n, can eaſe their grief?
Thou wert the firſt of *men* that entertain'd
So grand a ſorrow, thou the firſt that ſtain'd
So pure a colour, thou the firſt that dwelt
In *Edens* garden, thou the firſt that felt
The ſcourge of fury; hadſt not thou tranſgreſt,
Vengeance had found no hand, nor grief a breſt.
Ah, hadſt not thou offended, ſin had found
No habitation, nor thy *Soul* a wound:
Had not thy hand ſo wilfully unlock'd
The door of *Death*, Deſtruction had not knock'd
At thine impenitrable gates, or ventur'd
T'approach ſo near, but being open'd, enter'd.

Bold

Bold *Cuſtomer* of fate, that ſought about
To come within, and turn poor *Adam* out; (weak;
Thy ſtrength outſtrengthd his ſtrēgth, & made him
A veſſel crack'd, how can it chuſe but leak?
Sin prov'd *Deaths* father, & *mans* heart the womb
That brought it forth; this *death* ſhall find a *tomb*
VVhen the Determiner of *time* hath hurl'd
A *finis* to the *volume* of the world;
Till then, man (mortaliz'd by ſin) muſt be
A ſubject unto *Deaths* Soveraigntie.
Poor man, in what a wilderneſs of ſorrow
Doſt thou now ramble in; where wilt thou bor-
A minutes reſt? On what inclining ear (row
VVilt thou expend thy groans? what canſt thou
But dialects of miſery to vex (hear
Thy bankrupt thoughts? The fatal diſreſpects
Of *Heav'n* will blow and toſs thee up and down
From place to place, his ſtill-renewed frown
VVill follow thee; therefore provide t'endure
The hot purſutes of ſuch a fierce purſuer.
Canſt thou expect that this thy grand abuſe
(VVhich runs beyond the limits of excuſe)
Can be forgotten? Doſt thou think t'out-live
Thy long-liv'd crimes, or hope for power to give
Due ſatisfaction to thy *God*, whoſe rage
Thy heart cannot endure, much leſs aſſwage?

Moſt lachrymable ſtate! What canſt thou do,
On man, that may ingratiate or renew
Thy former love? Alas, thy baſe condition
Makes thee incapable of a *Petition:*
Prepare thy ſelf, ſee if thou canſt invade
His *Soul* with pray'rs, ſee if thou canſt perſwade
His *Heart* to yield unto thy ſad requeſt,
And re-inthrone thee with thy former reſt;
Diſſect thy *Soul* with groans, *anatomize*
Thy *heart* with ſighs, and let thy winged cries
Fly through the *angles* of his ſacred ear,
And breed a harmony within the ſphere
Of his bleſt *Soul*; be circumſpect, and lay
The beſt foundation; hear what *Heav'n* will ſay.

Adams Petition to God.

Incenſed *Father* of eternal light
Permit a darkened *Soul* t'approach the ſight
Of thine incomparable eye; unmask
Thy anger-clouded Soul, and let me aſk
Forgiveneſs for thoſe loading Crimes which preſs
My ſtagg'ring *Soul*; I know not whom t'addreſs
My apoſtate *ſelf* unto, but only thee,
Whom I offended; Pleaſe to pity me:
I have no pleaſing Sacrifice t'attone
Thy wrathful *Breſt*, except a hearty groan

That's

That's quadrupl'd with grief; Oh deign to look
Upon the lines of my all-blotted book:
Although I'm full of moſt deteſted ſpots,
Yet *Lord*, I know that thou canſt read my blots;
Oh read them then, and let thy mercies run
With thy progreſſive eye; I am undone,
If not forgiven; *Lord*, I thee implore
To ſhew ſome mercy to me, thou haſt ſtore.
Diſcipher all my *ſins*, and let them not
Bear record in thy *rouls*, but reſt forgot:
Revoke this *act* of *Death*, that I may ſing
Th'admired mercies of ſo bleſt a *King*.
Oh lift me up, that now am thrown below;
Make not my *Soul* the Cuſtom-houſe of woe.
Oh hear theſe bitter groans that I have ſpent,
And ſend ſome comfort from thy *Parliament*.

Gods Reply.

Thou *ſkelleton* of baſeneſs, hie thee hence,
Diſturb me not; return, I ſay, from whence
Thou cam'ſt at firſt; thou ſhalt as ſoon remove
A mountain, as my mind: I cannot love,
No nor I will not, nothing ſhall intreat
My reſolutions, for my fury's great.
Begone, proud *Rebel*, do not think thy prayers,
Thy vows, thy groans, thy ſighs, thy ſobs, thy tears,

Shall make my breſt their receptacle; No;
How can I be a friend to ſuch a foe?
Surceaſe thy importunities, let fall
Thy high deſires, I will not hear thee call,
Thy ſins have barr'd my ears; I'le not be won
With thy baſe airy words, for thou haſt ſpun
The thred of thy deſtruction, therefore wear
What thou haſt labour'd for, and ſo forbear
T'intrench upon my patience; 'tis in vain
To ſeek for that which thou ſhalt not obtain.
And is it thus, that *Heav'n* will not regard
My cries? Ah me! and muſt my groans be heard
With diſreſpect by him, whoſe tongue affords
Nothing but grief, involv'd with bitter words?
Alas, alas! what greater wo can crowd
Into a breſt, then to be diſavow'd
By *Gods* high Voyce, whoſe moſt enraged breath
Darts forth the arrows of eternal death?
What ſhall I do? Oh, whither ſhall I run
To hide my ſelf, until the glorious Sun
Of his affections uſher in the day
Of welcom Joy? Oh, whither ſhall I ſtray?
If I am ſilent, then my ſilence turns
My thoughts to fire; If ſpeak, my ſpeech returns
Trebbl'd with wo, into the brazen Tower
Of my ſad heart, my language has no power

To

To work upon his ears, my words (like balls
Banded, and thrown againſt th'obdurate walls
Unyielding breſt) bounds back again, and breaks
Into my heart, and every ſorrow ſpeaks
A volume at a word; yet, yet muſt I
Return unheard; 'tis miſery to dye,
And pain to live; thus in deſpair I draw
The loathſom air: *Deſtruction knows no Law.*
Grief rains a flood of doubt into my *Soul*;
Ah me! I can do nothing but condole:
I am deſpis'd; and if I bend the force
Of my deſires to him, he will divorce
All thoughts of pity, and with rage re-double
Th'unſum'd up ſums of my infringing trouble.
I ſail into the *Straits*, both wind and tyde
Prevail againſt me, and I have no guide
To pilate me unto the long'd-for *Port*
Of pleaſing happineſs; I am a ſport
To threatning Ruine, whoſe preſumptuous waves
Out-dares my *Soul*, whilſt every blaſt enſlaves
My reeling *Pinnace*: If I ſtrive to go
Towards *Scylla*, *Scylla* will contemn my wo.
Alas, in vain I can expect relief,
Scylla will bark at my unbridled grief;
Or if my head-long veſſel chance to hit
Againſt *Charybdis*; I am torn and ſplit

Into

Into ten thouſand pieces: Oh hard hap!
Thus am I toſſed in Deſtructions lap.
Where ſhall I find a heart that will adviſe
My friendleſs Soul, and audiate my cries?
I will not thus deſiſt, I muſt implore,
He that's loſt once, ſure can be loſt no more.

Adams Petition to God.

Once more, thou *Metropolitan* of all
The ſpacious world, I here preſume to call
Upon thy mercy; Oh let me inherit
The pleaſing fruits of thy re-pleaſed *Spirit*:
I am thy *fabrick*, oh ſome pity take,
Preſerve the building for the Builders ſake. (eye
Clothe not thy brow with frowns, but let thine
(That reſts inſhrin'd with glorious Majeſty)
Reflect upon my ſorrows; Oh incline
Thy willing ears to hear this grief of mine:
Oh do not ſay I ſhall as ſoon remove
A mountain as thy heart, thou canſt not love;
Let not ſuch harſh, imbitter'd language flow
Out of a mouth ſo ſweet; I know, I know,
Thou art as good as great; oh therefore bow
Thy ſacred ears to hear, oh hear me now:
Beſtow ſome ſcraps on me, that have deſerv'd
Nothing but ſtripes; for I have fondly ſwerv'd
From

From thy Commands, & have committed treaſon
Againſt thy *Majeſty*: Great *God* of Reaſon,
View my in-humbled *Soul*, ſee how it lies
Before thy ſight, a weeping *Sacrifice*.
I know thou knowſt I am a hainous ſinner,
Yet pity me, that am a young beginner
In this rich art of *begging*: Do not ſlight
My real prayers; I know thou tak'ſt delight
In being merciful; oh let me not
Return unanſwer'd, or my prayers forgot:
Oh hear the ſorrows of my bleeding ſtate,
Let my complaints make thee compaſſionate,
And let the fervor of my language turn
Thy thoughts to pity; quench theſe flames that burn
My waſting *Soul*; ſpeak peace to me, that find
A civil war in my uncivil mind:
Oh I have taſted of thy hot diſpleaſure (ſure?
Too much; Ah, ſhall thy vengeance know no mea-
Say 'tis enough; though (*Lord*) I muſt confeſs
I have deſerved more, yet give me leſs.
Thus with a melting heart I end my Suit
Ah me! how bitter is forbidden fruit!

Gods Reply

Thou bold fac'd *Orator*, how darſt thou come
Before me, or be otherwiſe then dumb?

Tell

Tell me, how dar'ſt thou interrupt my breſt?
I hate to ſee thee, or hear thy Requeſt.
Audacious wretch, what, has my Judgments made
Thy heart grow peremptory? Have I layd
Too ſmall a burthen on thee? If I have,
I'le lay a greater, thou apoſtate ſlave:
I will not note thee, nor I will not hear
Thy words, which have uſurp'd my deafned ear.
Love thee, for what? be't known, ſad wretch, I
To love a thing ſo baſe, ſo vile, forlorn; (ſcorn
And if I cannot love, how can it be,
That I can pity ſuch a worm as thee?
I'le neither love, nor pity, for my heart
Is *adamantine*; thou ſhalt feel the ſmart
Of my diſpleaſure: Go, my *Soul* diſdains
To look upon thee; thou art fill'd with ſtains,
And ſmel'ſt too much of *fruit* to find reſpect;
Thou art the ſubject of my great neglect:
Thou art a barren *ſoil*, nothing will grow
Upon thy heart, except the ſeeds of woe.
Tell me, from what conceit doſt thou derive
Thy working confidence, that thou dar'ſt drive
Thy language to my ears, and be ſo bold
T'approach my ſight, and wilt not be controul'd?
Art thou reſolv'd to make (what doſt thou mean)
My ears thy ſtage, and every word a ſcean?

Sum

Sum up thy ſmall, thy weak deſerts, and ſee
What large reſpects thou haſt deſerv'd from me.
I plac'd thee in a *garden*, not to eat
The *fruit* forbidden, but to keep it neat:
Had not the violation of my Laws
Mov'd me to anger, thou hadſt had no cauſe
T'ave felt the burthen of my weighty ſtroke,
Or live thus much ſubjected to the yoke
Of thine own ſins; moſt ſhameful is that loſs
That's crown'd with negligence, & great the croſs
That's made with a ſelf-hand; and they that clime
Above their ſtrengths, impropriate a crime
To their own *Souls*; Deſtruction is the end
Of all Rebellion: *Ruine knows no friend.*
Suppoſe I ſhould inveſt and entertain
Your Soul with love, and call thee back again,
The *tree* is ſtill the ſame, the *fruit* as ſweet,
Thy *appetite* as great, and thou mayſt meet
A *Serpent* too, whoſe oratorious skill
May ſoon intreat thee to enact his will:
He has a *voyce* to tempt, and thou an *ear*
Will re-aſſume the priviledg to hear;
He has a hand to give, and thou another
Freely to take: thus wouldſt thou quickly ſmother
Thy new delights; therefore I will not truſt
A heart that can be nothing but unjuſt.

Thou

Thou great *Mugul* of baſeneſs, ceaſe to plead,
Thy tongue's a canker, and thy words are lead;
Thy *ſins* have made thee not deſerve the air
Thou entertain'ſt; hadſt thou imploy'd thy care
To ſerve me, when I lov'd thee, thou hadſt had
My heart-delighting joys to make thee glad;
But now expect no favour, for no art
Of thine ſhall ever captivate my heart.
Hie thee unto the ſhades of grief, bewail
Thy ſequeſtrated happineſs, no bail
Of thy procuring will I take to ſet
Thy *Soul* at liberty; I will not let
The viſion of a comfort creep within
Thy rambling thoughts, thou art a ſlave to ſin:
Hadſt thou but lov'd or fear'd me at the firſt,
Th'adſt been as happy, as th'art now accurſt:
If now thou lov'ſt me, I ſhall quickly prove
It is for fear alone, and not for love.
Thy heart is ſteel'd with wickedneſs, thy faults
Are ſparks enlivened by thy flinty thoughts.
Breathe out thy groans unto a ſenſleſs rock,
And let thy ſighs (like hammers) beat and knock
Againſt her ſcragged ſides, thou ſhalt as ſoon
Have her conſent, as mine, to grant thy *boon:*
'Tis therefore vain to multiply thy words,
For ah, my breſt, my hardned breſt, affords

Thy

Thy Soul no pity; and the more thy cry
Attempts my ear, the leſs I will reply.
Alas! thy guilt-o're-burth'ned words renew
Freſh thoughts of rage, I cannot hear thee ſue
Without impatiency; for ah, the longer
Thou crav'ſt, thou mak'ſt my fury grow the ſtron-
Avoid my preſence, for I will no more (ger
Give audience to thy voyce, then ceaſe t'implore.

Adams Lamentation.

Undone, undone! what mountain now will hide
My lothed body from the ſwelling tyde
Of raging Vengeance? Whither ſhall I fly
T'involve my Soul with true ſecurity?
Stretch, ſtretch my lungs, and roar unto the deep
To entertain me: Oh that I might ſleep
Within her wavey bowels, till the blaſt (paſt.
Of Heav'ns all-ſhaking, thundring Voyce were
Oh that ſome rock would hear my ſad requeſt,
And give me burial in her frigid breſt!
Oh that my grief-extended voyce could cleave
The ſolid Earth, and make her to receive
My wretched limbs! Oh that ſome ranging beaſt
Would prove ſo courteous to devour, and feaſt
Upon my corps! Oh that I could contrive
A way to live, and yet not be alive!

Ah

Ah, thus my ſorrow-ſhaken fancy flies
And envies at impoſſibilities.
I fain would dye, but that I have no heart
To kill my ſelf, and yet I feel a ſmart
Tranſcending death; I ſee I cannot ſhun
The wrath of *Heav'n:* Ah, thus am I undone
By my own doing; this it is to eat
Forbidden *fruit:* Oh moſt pernicious meat!
I was too raſh, and raſhly have I taken
A deadly fall, and falling, am forſaken:
I'm bruis'd to death, and yet I cannot dye;
Ah, what can be ſo much unbleſt as I?
I am inflamed, and I dayly drench
My *Soul* with tears, and yet I cannot quench
My raging fires; the more I ſtrive t'aſſwage
And mitigate my pains, the more they rage.
What ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I go,
To hide me from this *Labyrinth* of Wo?
I am compos'd of ſorrow, and my veins,
Inſtead of blood, are fill'd with griping pains.
Curſt be theſe eyes of mine, which have let in
The lawleſs Tyrant of imperious Sin:
Curſt be theſe lips of mine, which at the ſuit
Of my fond wife receiv'd forbidden fruit:
Curſt be theſe ears, that entertain'd the charms
Of that inchantreſs, which procur'd my harms:

Curſt

Curſt be theſe hands of mine, which took, and fed
My greedy *Soul*, and ſtruck my Conſcience dead:
And now my *lips*, my *ears*, my *hands*, my *eyes*,
Muſt ſee, hear, taſte, and feel, my miſeries.
Oh ſad condition! Since there's no relief,
I muſt be ſubject to perpetual grief.
Here we will leave poor *Adam* in the ſtate
Of woe, and thus begin to ruminate.
Are there not many in this tollſom age
That meditate themſelves into a rage,
And wonder how a *Serpent* could expreſs
Himſelf, and reaſon with ſuch readineſs,
Being by nature brute, nay and the worſt
Of living *creatures*, that he ſhould at firſt
Perſwade and conquer, and inſtruct his will,
How to determine both of good and ill?
It would ſeem ſtrange, if Reaſon were without
Her wings, and could not fly above this doubt:
We may (and yet not ſtain the truth) declare
It was the work of *Satan* to enſnare
Frail *Eve*; although he was not nam'd at all
By *Moſes* in the Hiſt'ry of the *Fall*,
It may not trouble us; for we muſt know,
The bending *Serpent* was the *Devils* bow,
By which he ſhot the arrows of his ſpite,
Which did [Oh grief to ſpeak it,] fly too right:

And he that dares ſo high a Crime to act
(Though by another) needs muſt own the fact:
And this our tongues may never ceaſe to tell,
The *Serpent* was the Inſtrument of *Hell*,
Tun'd to the *Devils* voyce: thus we may ſee
His fraud, his malice, and his ſubtiltie.
Firſt when he ſaw he could not over-turn
The great *Creator*, he begun to burn
With flames of envy, lab'ring to invade,
And ſo diſturb that order *God* had made
In the Creation, and to change the features
Of his own *Image* in the beſt of Creatures,
That ſo he may by his too-ſooth deluſion
Make *man* run headlong to his own confuſion:
Thus having laid the platform of his work,
He then begun to agitate, and lurk
For opportunity, which was effected
As ſoon, nay if not ſooner, then expected;
He gave the blow, and by that blow he found
The weakeſt *veſſel* had the weakeſt ſound;
But yet it ſtrongly eccho'd to the voyce
Of his deſires, and made him love his choyce.
Even as ſome bold-fac'd *General*, that dares
To ſtorm a well-man'd Town; at firſt prepares
A potent *Army*, which he ſoon ſets down
Before the Walls of the alarum'd *Town*;

He

He after views the ruine-threatning-Fort,
Which ſpeaks defiance, and begins to ſport
Their ſeveral ſhots, and with a ſad delight
Ingage each other in a bloody fight:
Then if the fierce *Beſiegers* once perceive
Themſelves out-ſtrength'd, they think it fit to leave
So hot a work, and for a little ſpace
Deſiſt, and fall upon a weaker place,
Where finding ſmaller oppoſition, venture
With greater courage, and at laſt they enter
The yielding *Town*, and cruelly begin
To take revenge of them that are within.
Even ſo the grim-look'd, malice-armed *Devil*,
The baſe-reſolved *General* of Evil,
Perceiving that he could by no means take
The ſublime *Fort* of *Heav'n*, plots how to make
A freſh attempt upon a weaker part,
And ſo prepares to ſtorm the flexive heart
Of unreſiſting *Eve*, that could not grapple
With ſuch a *Foe*, but yielded for an Apple
To thoſe thoſt falſe Alarums which ſurrounded
Her, much obedient, and ſoon confounded
Her inward parts, and gave her Soul a wound,
Which cannot be by time or art made ſound,
Except the grand Phyſician pleaſe to ſlake
His ſwelling fury, and ſome pity take.

Thus are our conquer'd parents ſadly left
In a deplor'd condition, and bereft
Of all their comforts; they which have enjoy'd
The life of happineſs, are now deſtroy'd;
And *man* (his wretched off-ſpring) muſt be made
Sorrows ſad heir, and Peace muſt not be ſaid
T'inhabit in him: *Adams* actual ſin
Made ours original; for we begin,
As ſoon as made, to entertain the gueſts
Of Sin, and lodg them in our infant-breſts.
Now may our weak and deſpicable eyes
Behold in them our ample miſeries:
Now we may glut the Air with this ſad cry,
The root being dead, the branches needs muſt dye;
For *Adam's* gone beyond all humane call:
Rebellion never ends without a Fall.

But ſtay my *Muſe*, here let us reſt a while;
Our *Journey's* long, and 'tis not good to toil
Too much at firſt; for *Reaſon* ſays 'tis beſt
To pauſe a time, and take a little reſt: (meet
Know then (kind Reader) that my *Muſe* ſhall
Thy ſerious eyes within another ſheet.

The end of the firſt Book.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF *GODS LOVE*, AND *Mans Unworthineſs.*

ARe all hopes fled? and is there no relief?
Muſt *man* ſtill wander in the ſhades of grief?
Will not the eye of *Heav'n* be pleas'd to ſhine
Upon his *Soul*, but leave him in the brine
Of his own *ſins?* Is there no warbling voyce
Can charm his ears, and woo him to rejoyce

In being pitiful? Will nothing move
The much incenſed Soul of *Heav'n* to love?
Man [Map of Miſery] who can prevail
In thy requeſts? or who cut off th'entail
Of thy diſtreſs? 'Tis not a writ of *Error*
Can ſatisfie, or guard thee from the terror
Of thine own *Conſcience*, which will alway ſtare
Upon thy face, and load thee with deſpair.
'Tis not a *Habeas Corpus* will remove
The body of thy *ſin*, none can diſprove
The Will of *God*, what he reſolves to do
Muſt neither be withſtood, nor div'd into:
It lies beyond thy power to perſwade
Thy *God* to pity, whom thy ſins have made
A wrathful *Judg*; what he intends, muſt be
Derived from himſelf, and not from thee;
For thou haſt nothing in thee worth the name
Of good, becauſe thy glory's turn'd to ſhame:
Thou art corrupt and vile in every part
And who can know the evil of thy heart?
Which like the *Ocean*, that no art nor eye
Can ſearch her bottom, or her banks diſcry:
Therefore till *heav'n* ſhal pleaſe to change the ſt
Of thy condition; *Reaſon* bids thee wait:
For be aſſur'd, the promis'd *ſeed* will ſpread
It ſelf abroad, and bruiſe the *Serpents* head.

Eve

Even as the *Fountain*, whoſe exuberous breſt
Is always fluent, and admits no reſt;
But with a cheerful willingneſs ſhe ſends
Her cryſtal tokens to her ſmaller friends:
Even ſo our *God* diſtilleth from above
The healing ſtreams of his refreſhing love;
For ah the luſter of his Sun-bright eye
Is drown'd in tears, when our ſad Souls prove dry!
Oh admiration! that a *God* ſo juſt
Should rain down floods upon a heap of duſt!
Oh Mercy! that ſo much incens'd a *God*
Should ſend forth *Mercy*, and keep in his *Rod*!
His *Soul* is fili'd with pity, and his eyes
Begin to view th'unſatiate miſeries
Of *Adams* down-caſt off-ſpring: Though his ear
Seems unto us reſolved not to hear
Their bitter cries, nor note the ſad Devotions
Of their contriſted hearts; yet by the Motions
Of his bleſt *Soul*, he ſends his Son and Heir
Into this wretched world, that he might bear
The *Croſs* of our Tranſgreſſions, and expel
The clouds of *ſin*, and conquer *Death* and *Hell*:
Thus by his death we liv'd, and by his grief
Our new-calm'd *Souls* were furniſh'd with relief.
Oh ſudden change! That wind which did before
Drive wretched *man* upon the threat'ning ſhore

Of unavoyding *ruine*, fills the ſails
Of his deſires with milde and proſperous gales;
The *Boreas* of his ſin does now ſurceaſe
His full-mouth'd blaſts, and *Zephyrus* ſpeaks peace
Unto his ſhip-wrack'd *Soul*, and now he rides
Upon the new-tam'd backs of pleaſing Tydes.
Oh that my tongue were able to rehearſe
The Love of *God* with an Angelike Verſe:
Oh that ſome heav'nly diety would fill
The black-mouth'd concave of my wandring quill
With pure celeſtial Ink, that I might write
In heav'nly characters, and learn t'indite
Jehovahs praiſes in a ſtile as high
As my deſires, and make the lofty Sky
Eccho with *Hallelujahs*, that the Earth
May (like a Midwife) hug the joyful birth
Of every word, and make each corner ring
(VVith peals of Joy) the Glories of our King:
Is man deliver'd from the painful womb
Of his foul *ſin*, and raiſed from the tomb
Of everlaſting *death*? and ſhall not we
Applaud that hand which ſet ſuch pris'ners free?
VVhat, ſhall we be afraid to crack and break
The chains of ſilence, and attempt to ſpeak
The dialects of *Angels*? No; let's call
Upon his name, that rais'd us from a Fall.

Let's

Let's ſtretch our lungs, & with a warbling breath
Sing to the life, how we were rais'd from death:
And when our tongues are wearied, let's expreſs
By heav'nly ſigns our real thankfulneſs.
But ſtay, where runs my quill? what, have I loſt
My ſelf in raptures? or elſe am I toſt
Into the air of pleaſure by the wind
Of true delight? If Paſſion proves ſo kind,
I am content, oh may I always reſt
Adorn'd & crown'd with a Heav'n-raviſh'd breſt:
O love ineffable! Muſt wretched *Man*,
The ſpawn of baſeneſs, and the unmeaſur'd ſpan
Of everlaſting infancy, be made
Loves object? Muſt th' *Almighty*'s love be laid
To dwell in *Man*, whoſe tongue cannot deliver
The leaſt of thanks unto ſo great a Giver?
VVill the Sun-gazing *Eagle*, that ſoars high,
Deſcend t'aſſiſt the web-infolded Fly?
VVill he that harkens with a willing ear
To pleaſing muſick, turn away to hear
Confounding diſcords? or will any woo
A perjur'd *enemy* to come and go
Into his *Courts*? VVill any hand forbear
To ſtrike at him that labours to impair
His worth, and contumeliouſly upbraid
His upright deeds? Will he that is betray'd

Affect

Affect the *Traytor*, and with patience ſue
For reconcilement, when as *death* is due?
All this bleſt *Heav'n* will do, that he might place
Vain *man* within the Covenant of Grace.
Conſider *man*, how often hath this mirror
Of pure affection woo'd thee from thine error?
Thou unconſiderate duſt, which every wind
Can puff away, how canſt thou prove unkind
To ſuch a *Lover*, that delights to ſpin
His bowels out, to nouriſh thee within
His milky boſom? Shall his bounty crave
Thy baſe acceptance? Shall he be a *ſlave*
To his own *ſlaves*? Ah, ſhall thy *God* implore,
And beg of beggars to receive his ſtore?
Does he, whom *Heav'n* & *Earth* cannot contain,
No nor the *hegv'n* of *heav'ns*, ſtoop down to gain
Thy dull reſpects? And ah, wilt thou not raiſe
Thy ſtupid *Soul* an inch to give him praiſe?
Thy fervent prayers he always will admit,
Then how canſt thou remember to forget
A *God* ſo mindful? How canſt thou forbear
To numerate his love without a tear?
How can thine eyes (when thou obſerv'ſt the Sun)
Refuſe to weep to ſee him dayly run
His painful progreſs, and rejoyce to greet
The Earth with luſter to direct thy feet,

Thy

Thy ſinful feet, which every moment ſlide
Into *Rebellion*, loaded with thy pride?
How canſt thou chooſe, when thou beheld'ſt the ground
Whereon thou tread'ſt, but voluntary drown'd
Thy ſelf in briny floods, to think what care
Indulgent *Heav'n* hath taken to prepare
For thee, before thou wert, and how his hand
Hath for thy profit fertiliz'd the Land?
How can thy rocky *heart* refuſe to vent
A ſtream of blood, when thou beheld'ſt th'extent
Of the unbounded *Ocean*, how it hides,
Within the boſom of her ſwelling Tydes,
Diverſities of *fiſh*, which live to feed
Thy gulf of gluttony at time of need?
Uncloud thy thoughts (*O Man*) and thou ſhalt ſee
He who ordained all theſe things for thee,
Created thee for him, that thou mayſt give
The praiſe to him, that lends thee leave to live.
Be ſerious *Man*, conſider how thou haſt
Converted all theſe bleſſings into waſte:
Know that the great Edificer of things
Furniſh'd thy Soul with Reaſon, gave thee wings
To fly above all mortals, and hath crown'd
Thy head with heaps of honor, and hath bound
Inferior *creatures* prentice to thy will;
And this he did, becauſe thou ſhouldſt fulfil

Thy

Thy *Gods* Commands;but thou that wert the beſt
Haſt made thy ſelf more loathſom then the reſt,
And by thy moſt deteſted deviation
Abus'd the glory of thy free *Creation:*
Though the Majeſtick *Eagles* will deſpiſe
To be aſſiſtants to th'intangled *Flies*;
Yet *Heav'n* will from his lofty *Throne* deſcend,
And with a ſpeedy cheerfulneſs defend
The ſons of *men*, who dayly are betray'd
By thoſe inſiduous ſnares which *Satan* lay'd
T'intrap their *Souls:* Alas, how voyd of care
Is heedleſs *man!* how ſubject to a ſnare!
But he, whoſe more then ſuperficial love
Is always active, lab'ring to improve
Our hearts with thankfulneſs, denies to let
Our *Souls* be taken in th'eternal net
Of unconceived miſery, and live
In laſting *death*,not having power to give
The leaſt of drops unto our howling tongues,
But ſuck the flames,until our ſulphurous lungs
Crackle, and belch forth brimſtone, till we tire
Our Carbonado'd members in a fire
That's inextinct; the more we ſtrive to turn
Our parched *Souls*,ſtill more and more they burn.
Revolve theſe things within thy ſerious mind;
Oh *Man*, let Love inſtruct thee to be kind

To

To him that's loving; do not diſreſpect
A *God*, whoſe *Soul* ſo dearly can affect:
Pour out thy thoughts, and practiſe to relent,
And let thy thoughts induce thee to repent:
Graſp opportunity, Time's always flying;
God's always living, and thou always dying:
Dy then; before thou dy'ſt, redeem the time,
Becauſe thy days are evil; learn to chime
Jacobs erected ladder; thou ſhalt ſee
Th'adſt better clime a *Ladder*, then a *Tree*,
As *Judas* did: Be wiſe, and do not fan
Thy *Soul* with air; remember what a ſpan
Thou art; remember whoſe inſpired breath
Made thee a *Soul*; forget not whoſe ſad death
Made thee alive; be mindful that thou art
Th'Epitomy of *Heav'n*; inure thy heart
To love the beſt of loves, ſo ſhall thy breſt
Be fill'd with comfort, and thy Soul with reſt:
Prepare and know, the very fowls delight
To prune their wings before they take their flight.
Although terreſtial *Kings* will not permit
A *Traytor* to his Courts, nor let him ſit
Before his preſence, though they will not hear
A Malefactors pray'rs; yet *Heav'ns* bleſt ear
Is always open, and his tongue invites
Repentant ſinners, for his eye delights

To

To view them in his Courts when they appear;
For muddy waters may at laſt prove clear:
'Tis not unlike; ill ſcented dunghils may
At laſt bear flowers; that which is foul to day,
To morrow may prove fair; the thing that coſt
Millions of ſilver, may as well be loſt,
As things of ſmaller value; *Heav'n* can ſpy
A mite, as well as mountains; for his eye
Is lodg'd in every cranny of mans heart,
And he knows all that ſearches every part.
Where breathes that Mortal that can apprehend
The ways and thoughts of *God*, who knows the end
Of his beginning?

He that can break a rocky heart in twain,
And re-unite it (if he pleaſe) again;
He that can part the boiling waves, and ſtand
Upon the *Seas*, as on the dryeſt Land;
He whoſe celeſtial power can make the graves
To open, and command their ſlumb'ring ſlaves
To riſe; nay more, to ſtand; nay more, to walk;
Nay more (if more then this may be) to talk:
He that can make a *Whale* to entertain
A *Jonah*, and to ſpue him out again;
He whoſe Almighty Power can unlock
The flinty bowels of a ſcragged Rock,

And

And make her headlong-guſhing ſtreams abound
To waſh the boſom of the thirſty ground;
He that can tranſmutate by power divine
The pooreſt *water* into richeſt *wine*;
He that can curb rude *Boreas*, and aſſwage
The lawleſs paſſion of the Oceans rage;
He that can rain down *Manna* to ſupply
The craving ſtomacks of mortality;
He that can, like an all-commanding *God*,
Make *Almonds* flouriſh from a ſapleſs rod;
He that can make the *Sun* and *Moon* ſtand ſtill,
Or run according to his ſacred Will;
He that ſav'd a *Daniel* from the paws
Of *Lyons*, and can muzzle up their jaws;
He that can make the greedy Ravens carry
Food to his Servants like a *Commiſſary*;
He that can, with an unreſiſted hand,
Daſh fire into Ice, and counter-mand
The wanton flames, and charm them, that they dare
But burn his ſervants cords, and not their hair;
He that can cauſe ten thouſand to be fed
With two ſmall *fiſhes*, and five *loaves* of bread;
He that can clothe himſelf with fire, and name
Himſelf, *I AM*, and make a buſh to flame
Without conſuming; He that can convert
A *Rod* into a *Serpent*, and not hurt;

He

He that can make his viſage ſhine ſo bright,
That not a *Moſes* can behold the light;
He that can ſtrike a hand with leproſie,
And cure it in the twinkling of an eye;
He that can in a moment cut and break
Tongue-tying cords, and make the dumb to ſpeak;
He that can out of unregarded ſtones
Raiſe unto *Abraham* many little ones;
He that can heal the *Cripple* with a touch,
And free him from the thraldom of his Crouch;
He that can cure the *deaf*, and can expel
A thouſand *Devils* in deſpite of *Hell*;
He that can perfect what he firſt begun,
Expects that *man* ſhould ſay, Thy will be done.
Conſider *Man*, and thou ſhalt find it true,
Heav'n can do all, but what he will not do:
Think not, becauſe thou art of low eſtate,
That he will ſcorn to love, and love to hate:
Remember *Dives*, whoſe unſum'd up ſtore
Improv'd ſo much, until he prov'd as poor
As ever *Job* was: *Job*! unhappy I
To ſpeak it, he was rich in poverty;
Heav'n made poor *Job* ſo rich, that *Satans* wealth
Could purchaſe nothing from him, but his health,
And that corporeal too; he could not boaſt
His bargain, for 'twas *Job* that purchas'd moſt.

" Happy

" Happy is he that can at laſt inherit
" Riches obtain'd by an impov'riſh'd ſpirit:
" We'd better lick with *Lazarus* the crumbs,
" Then gripe with *Dives* for Soul-damning ſums.
Welth cánot bride the flames, yet ſcraps may feed
The hungry wretch; he that has wealth, may need
The *crumbs* of comfort: *David* did condole
Th'abundant famine of his hungry *Soul*:
Gods Love's not mercenary, to be ſold
For brain-diſtracting, heart-confounding gold.
Haſt thou not heard (*O Man*) the heav'nly cry
Of him that ſays, Ye that are poor, come buy,
Come buy of me; your pen'worth ſhall be ſuch,
That for a little you ſhall purchaſe much.
Here's Love that's ſpun unto the ſmalleſt thred,
Tho thou want'ſt mony, yet thou maiſt have bred:
Do thou but ask, thou ſhalt not fail to have;
For *God's* more free to give, then thou to crave:
Fear not to ask of him, whoſe ready ear,
Before thy tongue can ask, is apt to hear.
Heav'n loves the language of a broken heart,
And he will harken, and with joy impart
His love unto thee, and his milk and wine,
Without the price of mony, ſhall be thine.
Th'ingrated *priſ'ner*, whoſe dull tongue is whet
With ſharp'ned hunger, will not fear to let

His language fly to every ear that comes
Within his audience; and he always ſums
The totals of his grief in hungry words,
Whilſt thouſands paſs along, but few affords
The bleſſing of an *Alms*; perhaps they'l grieve,
And ſeem to pity, but will not relieve:
Yet will he not deſiſt, but hourly cry,
Bread, bread, for Heav'ns ſake bread, or elſe I dye.
Hard hearted *Man*, why wilt thou not relent
To hear thy *brother*, almoſt hunger ſpent,
Craving thy ſuccour? Where's thy love become?
Becauſe th'art deaf, ah! wouldſt thou have him dūb?
Or doſt thou think, becauſe thy panch is fill'd,
He cannot hunger? He that firſt diſtill'd
Thoſe mercies on thy head, expects that thou
Shouldſt feed thy *brother* with a cheerful brow;
Say not thou canſt not give, thy treaſure's light:
But let thy heart record the *widows* mite,
So *Heav'n* will fill thy Ciſterns to the brim,
And feed thy *Soul*, becauſe thou haſt fed him.
Should the *Grandfather* of true Charity
Paſs by thy gates, and here thee beg and cry,
And not relieve thee; ſhould he ſlight thy prayrs,
And ſcorn to take a ſurvey of thy tears;
Wouldſt thou not grieve, and pine thy ſelf to duſt,
And almoſt ſay thy *God* was much unjuſt

To

To turn away his ears from thy complaint,
And diſreſpect thy pray'rs, and let thee faint
For want of food? Ah, whither wouldſt thou fly
To feed thy famiſh'd *Soul*, ſhould *Heav'n* deny?
But ah he cannot, for his melting Soul
Is always free, and willing to condole
The ſad conditions of diſtreſſed *Man*,
Who only ſtrives to do, but what he can
To contradict him; yet he'l hear our grief:
In multitudes of mercy lies relief. (grates
When our impriſ'ned *Souls* peep through the
Of this corrupting *Earth*, our *God* delates
Himſelf unto us, and he ſends us meat
From the rich ſtore-houſe of his lofty Seat;
He hears; and hearing, pities; pitying, ſends;
And ſending, bleſſes, and with bleſſing ends.
Even as the Sun, which every day ſurrounds
The ſublime *Globe*, and pries into the bounds
Of this darke *Center*; lets his Beams reflect
Upon a molehill with as much reſpect
As on a Mountain; for his glorious Beams
Shine always with equivolent extreams.
Even ſo the great and powerful *three* in *one*,
That ſits upon his all-inlight'ning *Throne*,
Does not deny to let his mercies crown
The pooreſt *Peaſant* with as much renown

As the moſt ſtatelieſt *Emperor*; though he
Inveſts his body with more dignitie,
Yet he's but earth, and muſt at laſt decay,
For *Prince* and *Peaſant* go the ſelf-ſame way;
Their earth muſt turn to earth, their *Souls* return
To him that gave them, or for ever burn;
There's no diſtinction, one infuſed breath
Made them alike, and both muſt live in death,
Or everlaſting life; both muſt commence
Divines in *Heav'n*; there's no preheminence,
But all equality, all muſt expreſs,
With equal Joy, their equal Happineſs.
Rouze up dull *Man*, and let thy wak'ned *Soul*
Be vigilant; oh let thy thoughts enroul
The Love of *God*, engrave it in thy breſt,
That his reſounding tongue may read thee bleſt.
O let thy ſighs, like Pens, and let thy tears,
Like Ink, tranſcribe the *Love*, th'indulgent cares
Of thy *Creator*, that himſelf may find
(Within the unblotted volume of thy mind)
Himſelf recorded, ſo will he imbrace
Thy ſpotleſs *Soul*, and fill thee with his grace.
Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoyce
To hear the ſtrains of his harmonious voyce:
Harken, and thou ſhalt hear his *Prophets* ſing
Th'admired Mercies of thy glorious *King*.

Thus

Thus ſaith the *great*, and ever-living *One*, *Iſa.*
That rules the *Heav'ns*, and governs *Earth* alone; 43.
Thus ſaith the *Lord*, that takes delight to dwell 1.
Amongſt his *Saints*, that formed *Iſrael*,
Created *Jacob*, Let thy ſorrows flee
Out of thy breſt, I have redeemed thee:
'Twas *I* that made thy clouded viſage ſhine,
And call'd thee by my Name, for thou art mine.
I will be with thee, when thy feet ſhall wade 2
Thorow the waters; I will be thy aid:
I'le make thee walk thorow rivers, and the waves
Shall prove ambitious to become thy ſlaves:
And when thou walkeſt thorow the raging fire,
Th'unruly flames ſhall not preſume to aſpire,
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone 3
The *Lord* thy *God*, and *Iſraels* holy *One*,
And thy dear *Saviour*, that was always true,
Gave *Egypt*, *Seba*, and *Ethiopia* too,
To ranſom thee; for thou wert my delight, 4
And always precious in my gracious ſight:
Honors were heap'd upon thee, and thou wert
The tender *love* of my affecting *heart*;
Therefore even *I*, that am well pleas'd, will give
People for thy dear ſake, that thou mayſt live.
Fear not, for I am with thee, and I'le ſtand 5
In thy defence, and my all-graſping hand

Shall bring thy ſeed from the remoteſt places,
And fill thee with my ſatisfying graces.
6 My tongue ſhall call unto the *North*, and ſay
Unto the *South*, Give, and they ſhall obey;
Bring from a far my *ſons* and daughters all,
Hear my loud voyce, be active when I call.
7 I have created them, and I proclaim
They ſhall be call'd and honor'd by my Name.
I'le uſher forth the *blind*, and make them ſee
The ſplendent Glories of my *Majeſtie*:
I'le cure the *deaf*, and make their hearts rejoyce
To hear the Eechoes of my warbling voyce.
Thus hath our *God* unty'd the tongues, and broke
His *Prophets* lips; thus have his *Prophets* ſpoke:
And wilt thou be (O *Man*) ſo much obdure,
As not to credit him that will aſſure
Perpetual happineſs? Thou canſt not aſk
That which he cannot give; do but unmask
Thy ſhamefac'd *Soul*, that ſo thou mayſt diſcry
Jehovahs mercies with a faithful eye:
Deſcant upon his promiſes, adviſe (wiſe;
With thine own thoughts, let Reaſon make thee
Inſpect thy ſelf, weigh well thine own condition.
And thou ſhalt find thou want'ſt a good Phyſician
To cure thy maculated *Soul*: Alas!
Thou art like water ſtop'd up in a glaſs,

So

So weakly fortify'd, and fene'd about,
That one weak knock ſoon lets the *priſoner* out.
Vain lump of vanity, what can this Earth
Afford thy thoughts more then a ſhort-liv'd mirth?
A mirth that fills thee with deluding toys,
And like a *Tyrant* afterwards deſtroys. (ſure
Dot'ſt thou on *Earth* for what? becauſe her plea-
Can guild thy wanton eye? Becauſe her treaſure
Can cram thy bags? Becauſe her *Sirens* ſong
Can raviſh thee? Becauſe her power can throng
Thy *Soul* with luxury? Becauſe her charms
Can court thee with delight? Becauſe her arms
can pleaſingly imbrace thee, and imboſt
Thy heart with gold, and lull thee, when th'aſt loſt
Thy ſelf in ſleep? Is this the little All
That this great world can boaſt of? Muſt we call
Theſe things our pleaſures? No, they'l prove our
Our golden *fetters*, and our ſilken *ſnares*: (cares,
Theſe are the *Joys* we love, theſe are the things
That makes us fly with our *icarian* wings
Up to Ambitions *Court*, and there preſume
To gaze ſo long, until our waxen plume
Diſſolve with heat, and like preſumptuous ſlaves
Tumble our ſelves into the raging waves
Of ſpeedy Ruine; Ruine's all that we
Muſt hope to obtain from *Earths* baſe treaſurie.

Lets ſcorn her wealth, and ſay, O *Earth*, thou art
A painted Miſtriſs with a rotten heart:
Let's hate to love, that we may love to hate
Th'unconſtant glory of her fickle State.
Even as the ſubtle *Crocodile* prepares
Her flatt'ring heart, and eye-commanding tears,
To woo her *prey* to come within the power
Of her command, that ſo ſhe may devour
With more facility, and make her Jaws
To execute by her tyrannike Laws.
Even ſo this *World*, whoſe Crocodile-like eyes
Are always flowing, wanting no ſupplies
Of gliding tears to waſh the rugged faces
Of her deſigns with falſifying graces,
That ſo ſhe may by her too ſmooth deluſion
Make *man* the Author of his own confuſion.
Frail fleſh and blood, how canſt thou take delight
To love this *World*, that cannot give a mite
Of comfort to thee, but will ſtill intrap,
And dayly lull thee in her luſtful lap:
She'l rock thy *Soul* to ruine, and ſhe'l ſpawn
Baſeneſs into thee; ſhe'l deceive, and fawn
Upon thy heart, and with her guilded baits
She'l hook thy *Soul* unto the worſt of Fates:
There's nothing in her that deſerves the name
Of conſtancy; her glory is her ſhame:

Smile

Smile at her tears, for every drop ſhe vents
Harbors ten thouſand thouſand diſcontents:
Believe her not; but when ſhe ſpeaks the beſt,
Believe the worſt; and if ſhe promiſe reſt,
Aſſure thy ſelf of trouble; if ſhe chance
To promiſe *treaſure*, let thy thoughts advance
Above her promiſes, contemn her droſs,
For what thou gain'ſt from her will be thy loſs:
Let not her wealthy Donatives perſwade
Thy heart t'accept; when once thou art betray'd
There's no reſiſtance: They that well adviſe
Before they act, deſerve the name of wiſe:
But they that ſtudy in her frantick Schools (fools
May prove her wiſe men; but *Heav'ns* out-caſt
Ask her the way to *Bliſs*: Try if her skill
Can give directions, ask her if ſhe will
Fill thee with bleſt Eternity, conjure
Her helpleſs aid, ſee if ſhe can aſſure
A ſafety to thee, ask her if ſhe can
Preſcribe a cure for a deſpairing Man;
Tell her thy *Soul* is ſick, thou canſt not live
A minute longer; ſee if ſhe can give
A Cordial to thee, ſee if ſhe can heal
A broken heart; ſee if ſhe can reveal
Celeſtial Joys unto thee, and impart
A heav'nly comfort to thy grieved heart:

If

If ſo, cheer up, and proſecute thy mirth,
And ſay there is no other *Heaven* but *Earth.*
Do thus (fond Man) and thou ſhalt quickly ſee
A baffl'd *world*, that cannot anſwer thee,
But muſt be ſilent, for ſhe cannot plead
For her own ſelf; ſhe knows ſhe cannot lead
The way to *Heav'n*, ſhe's but a bad Director,
A baſe *Reliever*, and a worſe *Protector.*
Thus ſhalt thou make her envy ſwell and burſt,
And, like the *Baſilisk*, diſcover'd firſt,
She needs muſt dye; but if ſhe ſhould diſcover
Thee firſt, farewell, th'art murther'd by thy *lover:*
Then ſhalt thou hear the Soul-amazing tone
Of him that ſits on his immortal Throne,
Pronounce againſt thee at the dreadful day
Of thy accounts; thus ſhalt thou hear him ſay:
Depart, ye curſed off-ſprings of a *father*
As curſt as you, avoyd my ſight, go gather
The fruits of your deſerts; you have forgot
The *God* that made you, and I know ye not:
See if the *world*, within whoſe folding arms
You always ſlept, can quit thee from the harms
That muſt enſue; ſee if her flatt'ring power
Can ſhelter thee from the o're-flowing ſhowre
Of my faſt-dropping rage; ſee if her breſt
Can entertain thee with eternal reſt:

Begone, begone, my fury hates to ſee
Such *Miſcreants*; had you remember'd me,
I now had known you; had you made me eat
When I was forc'd to importune for meat,
I now would bleſt you with celeſtial dyet,
And crown your *Souls* with everlaſting quiet:
Had you but quench'd my raging thirſt, or gave
A ſingle drop, that very drop ſhould ſave
Your death-adjudged *Souls*, and you ſhould ſup
Abundant comforts from my ſtreaming cup:
Had you (ſad ſons of vengeance) but ſupply'd
My nakedneſs with garments, when I cry'd
And call'd upon your charity to ſend
Relieve unto me, I had been your friend;
Or had your (more then marble) hearts reliev'd
M'impris'ned body, now ye had not griev'd:
Had you, you world-affined Souls, addreſt
Your ſelves unto me when I was oppreſt
With ling'ring ſickneſs, then I would have fed
Your Souls (which now are ſtarv'd) with *heav'nly*
But ſince you have not done it unto thoſe (bread.
Which I eſteem'd, ye've prov'd your ſelves my
Therefore begone, let darkneſs be your lot, (foes:
Learn to remember that ye have forgot
My Mercies; go, and let my Judgements dwell
Within your guilty hearts; let black-mouth'd *Hell*

Plague

Plague you with torments, let him always laſh
Your hearts with flames, until ye howl, and gnaſh
Your teeth together; go, depart my ſight,
And taſte the fruits of everlaſting night.
But as for you whoſe better deeds have found
Acceptance in my heart, ye ſhall be crown'd
With unremoved happineſs, becauſe
Ye have obſequiouſly perform'd my Laws;
You fed my craving ſtomack, and you cloath'd
My naked body, and you have not loath'd
To viſit me; and when I was a ſtranger,
Ye took me in, and guarded me from danger:
Go then my *Lambs*, and let your Oratory
Proclaim the greatneſs of your *Fathers* glory:
Go revel in my *Courts*; no diſcontent
Shall breed a faction in my *Parliament*;
I'le paſs an *Act* of *Peace*, and it ſhall be
Sign'd by the hand of my Eternitie.
My tongue ſhall ſtile you bleſſed, and my voyce
Shall raiſe your *Souls*, and teach you to rejoyce;
Your unexciſed pleaſures ſhall abound
To infinite, your raviſh'd hearts ſhall ſound
The depth of my delights; all things ſhall move
Within the ſphere of uncontrouled Love:
Be well aſſur'd, your pleaſures ſhall be great;
Then fly from *Judgment* to my Mercies *Seat*,

And

And there rejoyce with a triumphant mirth;
My Love ſhall live with them that hated Earth.
Obdurate *Man*, here, here thou mayſt diſcry
Judgment and *Mercy*, one to terrifie,
The other to perſwade; and yet wilt thou
Prove adamantine, and refuſe to bow
To thy *Redeemer?* Canſt thou ruminate
Upon his *Love*, and yet wilt not delate
Thy Soul unto him? Is thy brazen heart
Impenitrable? Will no flaming dart
Of true affection enter? Haſt thou vow'd
To ſtop thy ears; Shall Mercy call aloud, (rattle
And thou not hear? Shall thund'ring *Judgments*
About thy ears, and yet wilt thou imbattle
Againſt the Lord of *Hoſts?* Wilt thou invoke
Perpetual Vengeance to intail a ſtroke
Upon thy ſtubborn heart? What, doſt thou think
Hell's voyd of flames, or that thy *God* will wink
At thine enormities? Go, rally all
Thy thoughts together, and diſcreetly fall
Into a ſerious ſtudy. ——————

—— —————— Let thy mind
Be abſolute, and really inclin'd
To meditation; contradict the rage
Of thine own paſſion: labour to aſſwage

The

The fire of luſt, that ſo thou mayſt behold,
With more ſerenety, how manifold
His mercies are, that every day prevents
The ſad incurſions of deprav'd events.
Think but in what a moſt defam'd condition
Thy *Soul* was in, before the grand Phyſician
Of *Heav'n* and *Earth* ſpontaniouſly ſent down
A balm from his own *Gilliard* to crown
The ſons of grief: Think what he did endure,
Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.
Remember how undauntedly he ſtood,
And ſweat himſelf into a Crimſon flood
To ranſom thee; remember how his woes
Were aſperated by his raging foes;
Remember how his ſacred temples wore
A ſpiny *Crown*; remember how it tore
His ſublime *Front*; remember how they broach'd
His breſt with *Spears*, and ſhamefully reproach'd
His ſpotleſs fame; remember how they nail'd
His ſpreading hands, remember how they ſeal'd
His Ivory *walls*, remember how they ſpawl'd
Upon his *face*, remember how they baw'ld
And banded at his *Agony*, whilſt he
Prov'd patient *Martyr* to their tyrannie;
Remember when he came unto the brink
Of death, they gave him vinegar to drink;

Nay

Nay more (becauſe they vow'd to empty all
Their poys'ned malice out) they gave him Gall.
Oh bitter deed! oh moſt abhorred Crimes!
(Too nearly paralleld in theſe our times.)
Thus having put a period to their plots,
They thought it good to caſt their helliſh lots
For his (I dare not ſay mean) clothes; I know
They were our *Saviours*, to whoſe worth we ow
Perpetual thanks; 'twas his well finiſhed breath
Redeem'd our Souls from everlaſting death.
Here's Love (O Man) that does as far tranſcend
Thy thoughts as thy deſerts, that *Heav'n* ſhould
His Son and Heir to be incarnated, (ſend
And ſuffer death for thee, that were as dead
As ſin could make thee; 'twas for thy offence
He dy'd: Ah, how, how canſt thou recompence
Such high-bred Favors! Favors unexpected
Deſerve to be imbrac'd, and not neglected.
Do not (raſh Soul) like *Cleopatria*, nurſe
Imboſom'd vipers; bleſſings prove a curſe,
If once abus'd; Ingratitude cuts off
Th'intail of Love; it is a ſhame to ſcoff
At Benefactors; after thou art fed,
Wilt thou contemn the hand that gave thee bread?
Wouldſt thou not love that friend that ſhould be-
A ſuperannuated cruſt, and ſhew (ſtow
Reſpect

Reſpect unto thee, when the ebbing Tyde
Of Fortune runs ſo low, that thou mayſt ride
Upon the ſands of *Poverty?* Fond *Man,*
Strive to be grateful, ſtudy how to ſcan
The mercies of thy *God*; remember how
He feeds thy *Soul* with *Manna*; learn to bow
Th'unruly thoughts; (with admiration) think
How often, and how much imbitter'd drink
Thy *Saviour* drank; with what a doleful cry
He beg'd of *God* to let that cup paſs by;
But knowing that his pleaſure muſt be done,
He prov'd himſelf his moſt obedient Son.
And wilt thou not (coy wretch) drink one poor ſup
Of bitter drink for him, that drank a cup
To ſweeten thine; thou need'ſt not fear, or ſcorn
To taſte, becauſe Heav'ns ſacred *Unicorn*
Hath purg'd the waters, and they muſt be ſweet,
Except they're reimpoys'ned by thy feet:
If ſo, what wilt thou do? where wilt thou find
An Antidote for an invenom'd mind?

It is reported, if the *Spider* chance
To meet the obvious *Toad*, they'l both advance
Their inward force, and mutually proclaim
An open War; *brave combitants of Fame!*
And having ſummon'd their imbowel'd might,
March boldly on, and both incens'd, thy fight:

The

The *Toad* being heavy loaded, cannot go,
Or wheel about, like his encountring foe,
But keeps his ground, and makes a ſmall reſiſtance:
The *Spider* ſcorning to be kept at diſtance,
Falls in upon him, and with nimble rage
Aſſaults his foe, who now begins t'aſſwage
His former fury, and would fain retreat (great
From his ſmall foe, whoſe ſtrength is grown too
For oppoſition; being thus diſtreſs'd
He crawls away, and with a crope-ſick breſt
Seeks for relief, and by and by diſcrys
A *Planton* leaf, within whoſe veins there lies
A ſecret *Antidote*, which did at length
Expel his poyſon, and renew his ſtrength:
Having diſgorg'd himſelf, he ſoon returns
Into the camp, where for a time he burns
To be in action, and at laſt he ſees
The crafty *Spider* creeping by degrees
To ſeize upon him, then his courage fails,
He knows not what to do, his foe aſſails
With all his might, conſtraining him to yield
The conqueſt, and with ſhame to quit the field:
Then he begins to ſeek, and hunt about,
To find the ſoveraign healing *Planton* out,
Which had before reliev'd him, and ſupply'd
His wants; but that being gone, he burſt, and dy'd

Even ſo, if Hells black *Spider* chance to crawl
From his infernal Web into the Hall
Of this all-duſty World, he ſoon prepares
Himſelf to fight, and ſuddenly declares,
That he, the grim-look'd General of Hell,
Dares to encounter any Souls that dwell
Within the limits of the ſpacious Earth,
And in a moment qualifie their mirth:
Thus Satan boaſts, and if he chance to meet
A ſingle Soul, he'l thus begin to greet.

A

DIALOGUE

between the

Soul and Satan.

SOul, th'art well met. *So.* 'Tis true, for I am wel. *Sat.*
Say, whither art thou going? *Sou.* Not to Hell. *Sat.*
Pish, talk no more of that, but tell me whither *Sat.*
Thou go'st; come, prethee let's go both together.
A pretty motion; when I want a guide *Sou.*
I'le send for thee, till then thou art deny'd
To be my Usher. *Sat.* Prethee tell me why
Thou art so obstinate, as to deny

So free a courteſie as I have ſhewn;
Miſchance oft falls to them that walk alone:
Be not ſo much averſe as to neglect
This opportunity; I can protect
Thy feet from ſliding; dangers ſtill attend
Thoſe that diſpiſe the favors of a friend.

Son. A friend! how canſt thou prove that title? *Sat.*
As thus; becauſe I'm willing to allow (How?
The beſt aſſiſtance of my ready arm
To guide, nay and protect thee from all harm;
Therefore a friend. *So.* What you pretend to ſhew
Is but external; he that can beſtow
Internal friendſhip on a Soul diſtreſs'd
Is a true friend; no matter for the reſt.
If *Heav'n* will guide my Soul, I ſhall not ſtray,
Or fear the evils of a dangerous way:
But as for you, I needs muſt borrow leave
To ſay, your friendſhip's only to deceive;
Confuſion paths your ways, and if I run
By your adviſe, I needs muſt be undone.
God bids me fly from ſin, if I refuſe
Obedience to his Will, I ſhall abuſe
His juſt Commands; then will my ſorrows cry,
When *Mercy* ſtops *Judgment* begins to fly.

Sat. Deſiſt (fond Soul) and labour to divorce
Thy lips from this too fabulous diſcourſe;

Guild

Guild not thy words with vanity, perſwade
Theſe thoughts (which are erronious) to evade
Thy ſerious mind; adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee
My ways are beſt, be principl'd by me:
Let not the ſwing of paſſion ſtrike thee down,
But follow me, 'tis I muſt give a Crown
To thy deſerts, 'tis I that can advance
Thy down-caſt Soul above the reach of chance;
'Tis I (miſtaken Soul) 'tis I alone
That muſt conduct thee to the ſublime throne
Of true Salvation; 'tis my hand muſt bring
Thy trembling Soul before th'all-judging King
Of Heaven and Earth; it is my power can fill
Thy heart with joy; believe me, and I will.
Truſt not the babling languages of thoſe
That ſeem thy friends, but are thy greateſt foes;
They're great to thy deſtruction, they'l connive
And fawn, nay almoſt bury thee alive; (ſtories
They'l talk of *Heav'n* and *Hell*, they'l tell thee
Of endleſs, boundleſs, unconceived glories;
They'l tell thee of Eternity, and woo
Thy *Soul* out of thy ears, if thou'lt beſtow
Thy pains to hear them; they'l infuſe, and brew
Their own deſigns, and tell thee all is true
That they declare; they'l tell thee that they're ſent
As Meſſengers from *Heav'ns* high Parliament.

Believe me *Soul*, 'tis I that can display
The *Gospels* Colours better far then they;
There's nothing in that volume so obstruce,
But I can winde and twist it to my use;
And there is nothing in this world can be
Stil'd worth a work, but can be done by me:
I can do all; it lies within my power
To make thee poor or rich in half an hour:
I can command whole *Legions* to attend
Upon my honour: Say, what nobler friend
Canst thou imbrace; I'le be a friend to all
That will give audience to my faithful call;
I'le make them swell with riches, they shall have
As much, nay if not more, then they can crave:
Am I not rare, and rich, and high, and great,
Incomprehensible? Is not my seat
The throne of happiness? Yet cannot I
Invite thee to my sweet eternity?
Come gentle *Soul* into my twining arms,
I'le hug thee, I'le delight thee with my charms,
I'le shew thee all my Joys, nothing shall lie
Hid from the view of thy all-gazing eye;
Happy, beyond expression. *Sou.* Satan, stay
The progress of thy tongue, and give me way,
That I may vent my thoughts, for you have spoke
At large already; and is this the stroke

Which

Which you intend ſhall wound me? Be aſſur'd,
The blows but ſmall, and well may be endur'd.
What, mov'd to paſſion! Is thy mind diſturb'd *Sat.*
With foul miſtruſt? prayle thoſe thoghts be curbd:
What, doſt thou think I am perfidious? Fie;
'Tis folly to condemn before you try.
Alas, alas! what profit can accrue
To me, by wronging ſuch a *Soul* as you?
What I expreſs is only for your good,
But what is more (then grave advice) withſtood?
I doubt theſe weak, theſe empty thoughts preſage
A tempeſt, guarded with a ſtorm of rage:
Well then, ſtorm on, and when thy ſtorm is ſpent,
Sit down, and meditate, and then repent.
Repent, Oh happy word! although expreſt *Sou.*
By a foul mouth; thoſe that repent are bleſt.
How dares thy helliſh lips uſurp a word
Fill'd with divinity, but will afford
No reſt, no comfort, to thy horrid Soul?
Begone, begone; and if thou canſt condole
Thy ſelf, thou art (if Logick prove but true)
Curſt in the *Major*, and the *Minor* too. (ther
Bleſs me, O *Heav'n*: What bluſt'ring ſtormy wea-
Drove ſuch a vile prodigious *Monſter* hither?
Touch-ſtone of baſeneſs, doſt thou come to prove
Whether I'm gold, or droſs; thou mayſt remove

Thy forward hopes, becauſe I hope to be
Mettal at laſt for *Heav'n*, and not for thee.
Begone, fallacious wretch, I cannot brook
Thy golden baits, I have diſcry'd thy hook:
Father of *lyes*, thy policy is built
Upon the *ſands*, and plaſter'd o're with guilt:
Thy tongue foretels a ſtorm; if ſo, be ſure
Thy ſand-built policy ſhall not endure:
Flatt'ry's the *life* of baſeneſs, and that art
Is well imprinted in thy ſubtile heart:
Doſt thou believe that I can entertain
Belief from thee? Or doſt thou think to raign
Within my breſt? No, no; thy cloudy powers
Are at the beſt but falſifying ſhowrs:
Be ſatisfi'd, I cannot give the leaſt
Of credit to thee, nor I dare not feaſt
My thoughts with ſuch uncertainties; I know
Thy dyet muſt and will corrupt to woe.
Thou bidſt me not condemn before I make
Some tryal of thy truſt; If I ſhould take
Such green advice, I quickly ſhould undo
My wretched ſelf; and in condemning you
What profit could I have? or what relief
Could I expect to mitigate my grief?
My accuſations would be blown as duſt
Before the wind; I'le neither try, nor truſt.

Nor

Nor try, nor truſt? Art thou reſolv'd to croſs *Sat.*
My real motions? Do, and ſee whoſe loſs
Will prove moſt weighty; if I loſe the heat
Of thy weak love, my loſs will not be great;
But if I ſhould withdraw my love from thee,
How, like a Map of well drawn miſery,
Wouldſt thou appear? Be wiſe, correct thy thoghts;
Neglected favors prove the greateſt faults.
Take my inſtructions, for 'tis I muſt bring
Content unto thee; 'tis a glorious thing
To be immortal: prethee Soul decline
Thy former ways; ſay, ſhall I call thee mine:
Mine, mine thou art; I'le load thee with renown;
Let me but conquer, thou ſhalt wear the Crown.

How pleaſing are my Joys! how full of peace
Are all my Ways! my glories ſtill increaſe:
I'm great and good, I take delight to win
Diſtreſſed Souls, and lead them from their ſin:
I cannot chooſe but pity thoſe that lie
Upon the beds of ſenſualſity;
My melting Soul is always free to give
Comfort to them that ſtudy how to live.
Alas, the care and trouble that I take
Is more for their content, then my own ſake:
My gates are always open, they that venture
To come to me ſhall (With a Welcom) enter;

And

And when they call, and cry, I will appear
My ſelf unto them, and rejoyce to hear
Their ſad complaints; I will not hide my face
From them that ſeek the glory of my grace:
I cannot be unconſtant; I muſt grieve
To hear their ſorrows, and I will relieve.
I will be pitiful to them that truſt
In me alone: I cannot be unjuſt;
I cannot, no I cannot; Earth ſhall move
Sooner then I will falſifie my love:
I am eternal; they that will endeavor
To gain my love, ſhall have my heart for ever.

Son. 'Tis not your empty words ſhall make my breſt
Stoop to the flatt'ry of thy vain requeſt;
Though I have ears to hear, I have a mind
That will not ſhake at the hard-breathing wind
Of your diſcourſe; what you pretend for reaſon,
Is nothing but the froth of private treaſon:
'Tis not your multiloquious tongue can turn
The *Bias* of my Soul, or make me ſpurn
At holy *Writs*; 'tis not your fond conceit
Of being good, ſhall make me to retreat (joys
From *Heav'ns* Commands, 'tis not your promis'd
Can make me cheerful, or your painted toys
Can lure me to your fiſt; 'tis not the dart
Of your vain love can penitrate my heart;

'Tis

'Tis not your seeming clemency can make
My *Soul* to love you, for your pities sake;
'Tis not your always-open gates that shall
Intice my steps to your large Guilded Hall;
'Tis not your self-appearance shall invite
My well-composed thoughts to your delight;
'Tis not your greatness that shall make me yield
To your desires; *Religion* is my shield:
I'le neither fear nor love your rish evasions,
Nor give attendance to your smooth perswasions:
'Tis difficult to serve two *Masters* well; *(Hell.*
Who strays from *Heav'n* must needs approach to
I am advis'd to shun the broad-path'd ways
That lead to ruine; what the *Scripture* says
I must believe; 'tis dangerous to fly
Without the wings of true *divinity*:
The *Scriptures* are my way, my light, my guide,
And they that go without them needs must slide:
The paths are strait in which I ought to run
The course of grace, until my days are done;
And they that change a *virtue* for a *vice*,
Deserve no fruit from *Heav'ns* blest *Paradise*.
Surcease those fond conceits, thou dost but spin *Sat.*
Thine own destructions, and connive at sin:
Urge not the *Scriptures*, for I dare maintain
My paths are best, and other ways are vain:

Thy

Thy Scripture-*conſcience* will at laſt confound
Th'amazed thoughts, and give thy Soul a wound
That hates a cure, then ſhalt thou prove unbleſt,
Whilſt others find the plaineſt road's the beſt.
Suppoſe thou wert (I ſpeak it for thy ſake)
Mov'd by occaſions, forc'd to undertake
A long-way'd journey, wouldſt thou not enquire
The readieſt way, but run into the mire?
If thou ſhouldſt act a crime ſo fouly bad,
Folly would ſtile thee fool, and Wiſdom mad.
Stray not into the wilderneſs of grief,
But come to me, take courage, and be brief
In thy deſigns; perſwade thy ſelf, that I
Am both thy light, thy way, and beſt ſupply
In time of need; I am thy prop, thy ſtay;
Therefore reſolve, and trifle not away
Thy thriftleſs Soul, be not thy ſelf-deſtroyer;
I'le be thy Love, and thou my Loves enjoyer:
Know that my real breſt contrives no end,
But what may merit ſo divine a friend
As thine own ſelf: Folly and Wiſdom lies
Before thy face; be either fool, or wiſe:
Protract no time, but make a ſpeedy choyce,
Thy welfare ſhall inſtruct me to rejoyce;
Obſerve my actions, pry into my parts,
Let's know each other by exchange of hearts;

I'le

I'le give thee mine, and for my love reſtore
Thine unto me; grant this, I'le ask no more:
Be free to give, as I am free to crave;
Th'adſt better live my friend, then dye my ſlave:
For if thou ſhalt deny what I deſire,
I'le make my bellows to advance the fire
Of thy diſtreſs, and ſorrows ſhall corrode
Thy ſtubborn heart, and care ſhall make abode
Within thy breſt, perpetuated griet
Shall find a voyce, but ramble from relief:
I'le gripe thee, till I make thee underſtand
The fiery language of my furious hand:
Sighings, and groaning, ſobs, and tears, and cries,
Shall be thy ſad Concomitants; thine eyes
Shall ſtare upon (well may I call them new
And horrid) lights, ſuch lights as ſhall renew
Thy growing torments; every thing ſhall be
Thy fellow ſlaves in ſervile miſerie:
I'le yoke thee with diſtreſs, nay and I'le chain
Thy ſtruggling *Soul* with everlaſting pain:
I'le crow'd thee full of ſorrows, and I'le double
Thy unconceived, uncontrouled trouble,
Whilſt I, triumphing I, will ſit aloft,
And be ador'd, and ſcoff to ſee thee ſcofft:
Pity ſhall be a ſtranger to my breſt;
My care ſhall be to make thy Soul unbleſt;

The

The tydes of woe ſhall overflow thy thoughts,
And be equivalent unto thy faults;
Be ſure, that what extremity can be
Thought worth the uſing, ſhall be us'd on thee:
Now I have ſpoke, if thou wilt not repent
I'le ceaſe to ſpeak, and ſtudy to torment.

Son. How full of poyſon's every word that flows
Out of thy mouth? What truſt can I repoſe
In ſuch a flatterer? I dare not try,
Or throw my ſelf upon thy courteſie:
I know thou canſt not anſwer my requeſt;
There is no truſt in a ſelf-praiſing breſt.
If I ſhould dive into the deep abyſs
Of thy black thoughts, what glory, or what bliſs
Should I diſcern? Or if I ſhould deliver
My heart to thee, thou'dſt diſreſpect the giver;
Though at the firſt perhaps thou wouldſt expreſs
A ſeeming-unbeſeeming thankfulneſs,
Yet at the laſt I know thou wouldſt decline
Thy promis'd ways and ſtile me to be thine.
Fair words find eaſie paſſage, they proceed
But from the tongue, th'event ſtil crowns the deed.
Three things denotes a friend; firſt, to conceal
A ſecret ſpeech; the next is, to reveal
A private good; the laſt is, to adviſe
The ſafeſt way t'obtain an enterpriſe:

And

And he that can do this, as you pretend,
Deſerves the title of a real friend:
But my *Religion* tutors me to ſay,
(Nay and affirm,) You neither can, nor may;
I'm ſure it is (if Reaſon dare prove true)
One thing to ſpeak, another thing to do.
Your words are airy meſſengers, which fly
Into my ears, and there enroul a lye:
Many untruths have broke the Common Goal
Of thy foul mouth; thou ſayſt thou canſt prevail
To make me glorious, and thou canſt encreaſe
My Joys, and crown me with eternal Peace:
Thou ſayſt th'art good and great, & that thy paths
Lead to *Salvation*; thou declareſt thy Laws
To be moſt juſt: If all theſe things be true,
I needs muſt call the *Scriptures* falſe, or you:
Truth bids me tell thee boldly, when thou cry'ſt
Th'art great, and good, and rich, and rare, thou ly'ſt:
If thou art good and great, pray tell me why
Thou wilt behold ſo vile a wretch as I?
Theſe things beſpeak thee humble, unto which
Thou plead'ſt not guilty; and if thou are rich,
How can it be, that thou wilt condeſcend
To feed my wants, that am ſo poor a friend?
Strange is that charity, which ſeems to ſhine
From ſuch a *diabolick* breſt as thine.

If

If my belief could keep an equal pace
With thy swift tongue, how full of Faith & Grace
Should I appear? Such Faith as would devast
My wanton *Soul*, and make me weep as fast.
It is impossible to find a *Sion*
That has no Governor, except a *Lyon*.

The Soul's Petition to God.

Oh *Heaven*, I crave that thou wouldst keep me
From this most vile *Progenitor* of Ill;
Suffer him not t'infold me in his arms,
Or overcome me with his wanton charms:
Oh make my heart obdure, that he may knock
Upon my *Soul*, as on a Marble Rock;
Be thou my *Fort*, and then I shall endure
His furious on-sets, and repose secure:
Give me thy grace, that I may be content;
Make me as strong, as he is impudent.

Now let the spring-tyde of thy fierce desires
Flow to the height, thou shalt not quench my fires:
Know *Satan*, know, my heart reserves no place
For thy abode. I scorn thee to thy face:
The well-dy'd colours of my *Soul* declares
Defiance to thee, and my breast prepares
To give thee battel; strike, I fear thee not;
Whose arm'd with Faith exceeds fear no Cannon-shot.

What

What impious tongue is that which dares defie *Sat.*
My power with ſo much boldneſs? *So.* Wretch, 'tis
'Tis I (infernal Traytor) that will ſpend (I;
My ſtrength to prove thou art a flatt'ring friend.
Move me to anger, do, and thou ſhalt find *Sat.*
A courteous friend at laſt may prove unkind:
Have I not woo'd thee almoſt night and day
To go to Heaven? *Sou.* The quite contrary way.
Have I not labour'd like a watchful father *Sat.*
To nouriſh thee? *Sou.* Or like a *Devil* rather.
Have I not always taken great delight? *Sat.*
To take away good gold, and give me light. *Sou.*
How much nocturnal and diurnal care *Sat.*
Have I ſuſtain'd for thee? *Sou.* True, t'inſnare.
Have I not been aſſiduous to await *Sat.*
Upon thy pleaſure? *Sou.* And corrupt my ſtate.
Have I not proffer'd all that can be given (ven. *Sat.*
To a ſick Soul? *Sou.* To drive my Soul from Hea-
Did I not promiſe to be true and juſt? *Sat.*
Did I not ſay, I'd neither try nor truſt? *Sou.*
Did I not promiſe that I'd make thee wiſe? *Sat.*
Did I not ſay thou wert compos'd of lyes? *Sou.*
Did I not promiſe to encreaſe thy ſtore? *Sat.*
Did I not ſay ſuch wealth would make me poor? *Sou.*
Did I not promiſe to advance thy flame? *Sat.*
Did I not ſay thy honors were thy ſhame? *Sou.*

Sat. Did I not promiſe to uphold thy peace?
Son. Did I not ſay ſuch wars would never ceaſe?
Sat. Did I not promiſe thee a Crown of life?
Son. Did I not ſay that Crown would crown my ſtrife?
Sat. Did I not promiſe thee eternal glory?
Son. Did I not ſay that promiſe was a ſtory?
Sat. Did I not promiſe I would give thee all?
Son. Did I not ſay ſuch promiſes were ſmall?
Sat. Did I not tell thee I was great and good?
Son. Did I not anſwer 'twas in ſhedding blood?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that my ways were beſt?
Son. Did I not anſwer that they were unbleſt?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that thou ſhouldſt have joy?
Son. Did I not anſwer ſuch as would deſtroy?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that I did lament?
Son. Did I not anſwer that I was content?
Sat. Did I not tell thee what a friend I'd prove?
Son. Did I not anſwer that I could not love?
Sat. Thus by fair terms I labour'd to obtain.
Son. Thus in foul terms I told thee 'twas in vain.
Sat. Then I begun to threaten thee with grief.
Son. And then I fled to *Heav'n*, and found relief.
Sat. I threatened to afflict thee with large pains.
Son. I told thee ſuch afflictions were my gains.
Sat. I told thee more then now I will expreſs.
Son. My anſwers made thee wiſh I had ſpoke leſs.

But

But now I ſee my real words can find
No reſt within the center of thy mind; *Sat.*
For 'tis in vain to ſow the ſeeds of life
In a dead heart that is manur'd with ſtrife:
I'le therefore ceaſe my importuning love,
I'le ſhew my Serpent, and keep cloſe my Dove.
Do, do thy worſt, vile wretch, I'le make thee know
Griefs abſtract, and the quinteſſence of woe;
I'le load thee with extremities, thy breſt
Shall always crave, but find no place of reſt:
Had but my grave advice receiv'd a place
Within thy heart, thou hadſt been fil'd with grace;
But now the inundations of thy trouble
Shall overflow thee, and I will redouble
My new-contrived plagues; I'le make thee feel
My melting heart is now transform'd to ſteel:
Thy tongue ſhall (like a bolt of thunder) roul
And roar within thy mouth; thy ſulphurous Soul
Shall flaſh forth lightening, and thy blood-red eyes
Shall blaze like Comets in the troubled Skies;
Thy teeth ſhall gnaſh, as if they ſcorn'd to be
Concomitants in ſo much miſerie:
Oh how I'le carbonado every part,
And fill thy body with increaſing ſmart;
Thy Soul ſhall lure for death, but that ſhall hate
To pierce upon thee, and contemn thy ſtate:

Life ſhall be ſtill incroaching, but thy breath
Shall ſcorn that life, and hate it unto death;
Thy fleſh ſhall drop forth brimſtone, and thy bones
Shall court each other in their crackling tones;
Horror ſhall be thy watchman, curſes ſhall
Poſſeſs thy tongue, one torment ſtill ſhall call
Upon another; when thy voyce ſhall cry
But for a drop, Confuſion ſhall reply,
No, no, thou ſhalt not; if a golden Myne
Could buy a drop, that drop ſhould not be thine;
Then ſhalt thou ſay, if thou hadſt been at firſt
Advis'd by me, thou hadſt not been accurſt:
Thus in this ſad *Dilemma* ſhalt thou roar,
And crave my ſuccour, but I'le not deplore
Thy woful ſtate, becauſe thou wert averſe
To goodneſs; after folly comes a curſe:
Then ſhalt thou know and find I will exile
All thoughts of pity, and I'le rather ſmile
Then grieve at thy diſtreſs; ah know, 'tis hard
To force an entrance where the gates are bar'd:
Fond Soul, be ſerious, let thy thought reflect
On my indulgency, and give reſpect
Unto my clemency; believe, I will
Be good to thee, do but forſake thy Ill;
Forſake, forſake that evil which will turn
To thy deſtruction; do not, do not burn

The precious fuel of thy chaſte deſires
In idle, wanton, all-conſuming fires:
The Poſt of Time is ſwift, and knows no ſtay;
'Tis time to go when Reaſon calls away:
Protraction's dangerous; it is not good
To ſtrive with that which ſcorns to be withſtood:
Then do not thou procraſtinate, but take
This opportunity; do but forſake
Thy former ways, and readily incline
Thy ſelf to me, and I will make thee ſhine
With ſo much luſtre, that all eyes ſhall gaze
Upon thy brightneſs, and admire with praiſe:
Oh may my language teach thee to believe,
That ſo my torments may not make thee grieve
In utter darkneſs, that thou mayſt imbrace
Thoſe glories which adorn my peaceful place:
Repent, (dear Soul) repent what thou haſt done,
Then call me *father*, and I'le love my ſon:
Thus having told thee all, I'le here deſiſt;
Be thou more apt to yield then to reſiſt.

I find, I find, you firſt inflict a wound, *Son*
And then with balſom ſtrive to make it ſound:
You'l make me ſmile at firſt, but after groan;
One hand incloſes bread, the other ſtone;
I fain would take the bread, but that I ſtand
In fear and danger of the ſtony hand:

Therefore, to ſhun all danger, I'le deſpiſe
Your fond advice, and practiſe to be wiſe:
If all ſhould prove, that you have told me, true,
I know the beſt and worſt that thou canſt do;
As for your threatnings, they ſhall not diſturb
My peaceful thoughts, my faith ſhall be their curb:
Urge me no more, but let me reſt in quiet,
Strong is that ſtomack can diſgeſt thy diet.

Sat. And is it ſo? will no perſwaſions work (lurk
Upon thy thoughts? Thoſe pregnant crimes that
Within thy breſt, will, like to Scorpions, gnaw
Thy groaning heart; ſuch ſorrow knows no Law:
But ſince thou wilt not be advis'd, expect
To find reward, as I have found neglect.
Ah, why fond wretch, why doſt thou thus provide
Thy feeble ſelf to ſtrive againſt the tyde?
Alas, alas! why art thou lull'd aſleep
In follies lap? Rouze up for ſhame, and weep
For thine infirmities; be not thus croſs
To him that would preſerve thee from a loſs:
'Tis time to caſt away the works of night,
And cloath thee with the ſhining robes of light.

Son. If your ſtrong Oratory had the skill
To make me yield to your unſatiate will,
It were enough; what more could you deſire,
Then a bad period to your bad deſire?

But

But ſtay (bold friend) I'le meditate, and ſee
What fruit will ſpring from thine infernal tree.
What, muſt I ſtay (vile wretch) till you diſpute, *Sat.*
And prove the goodneſs of my pleaſing fruit?
Muſt I be always waiting on the train
Of your deſires, and ſpend my time in vain?
No, no, I will not; for it is unfit
I ſhould attend, if you will not ſubmit:
Th'incenſed fury of my ſpirits burn
To be in action, I will not adjourn
A minute longer; go, and hug thy vice,
Thou lov'ſt the bargain, but abhor'ſt the price:
Urge me no more, away, I have forgot
All thoughts of friendſhip, and I know thee not:
And here I leave thee to the lawleſs power
Of thine own paſſion; curſed be that hour
that brought thee forth; if all this will not do,
May all men curſe thee, and I'le curſe thee too.
And can the *ſpring* of thy affections find *Sou.*
So ſoon an *Autumn*? Canſt thou be unkind
With ſo much eaſe? And can your real breſt
(As you ſo call't) be ſo ſoon diſpoſſeſt
Of love and patience? Oh how bad and ſtrange
Is the effect of ſuch a ſudden change!
'Tis diſputable, for I know not whether
Anger, or policy, or both together,

Wharft thee to theſe extreams: Well then, purſue
Thine own deſires, and I will bid adue
To all thy follies; yet my heart begun
T'expand it ſelf before the glim'ring Sun
Of thy perſwaſions; if thy ſharp'ned rage
Had not ſo ſoon exploded me the ſtage,
I fear, I fear, I had before this hour
Been proſtituted to thy tameleſs power:
B gone, begone; but ſtay, hark *Satan*, hark,
Go boaſt you ſhot, but fairly miſs'd the mark.

Sat. Why doſt thou bid me go? I'm ſure you ſpeak
(As I have done) in jeſt, thou wilt not break
The bonds of friendſhip; though thou haſt expreſt
Thy felt in anger, yet thou art in jeſt:
Thoſe good conceits which I've in th'inner places
Of my cloſe heart, tells me th'art fill'd with graces:
But there is none that can proclaim and cry
They're free from rage, no not ſo much as I:
When I am angry, then my heart is pleas'd,
Becauſe I'm ſatisfy'd; my mind is eas'd
Of a moſt prattling load, which ſeems to tire
And waſte me with a breſt-conſuming fire.
" A wiſe man's ear muſt always entertain
" Things ſpoke in paſſion to be voyd and vain:
" The tongue's a reſtleſs member, and oft-times
" Out-runs the wit, and then it flies and climbs

Above

" Above all ſenſe: when Reaſon finds divorce,
" The tongue proves ſubject to a headlong courſe.
What I have ſpoke obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
Proceeded from my paſſion, not my mind:
The miſconſtruction of a word may make
The deareſt friends to vary, and forſake
The plains of friendſhip, though their hearts are free
From the curſt evils of Inconſtancy:
Therefore miſtake me not, nor do not thou
Conſtrue my words with an incenſed brow:
Smile on me then, and cheerfully impart
The loving chidings of a friendly heart;
Then ſhalt thou ſee with what a willing arm
I will conduct and guide thee from all harm:
Believe me *Soul*, I am not come to ſcatter
Uncertain ſtories, but a real matter;
What I hold forth unto thee, is the ſtem
Of a pure heart, thou art the only Jem
Shall grow upon it; come, and let's combine,
I ſhall rejoyce to ſee thee prove divine.

Son. The *Bias* of thy Love runs now ſo ſtrong,
That I much fear 'twill not continue long;
I find, I find thou haſt the art to ſail
With any wind; thou labour'ſt to prevail,
But tis in vain, for know, I'le truſt thee not,
My zealous heart is fearful of a plot:

I cannot be ſo fooliſh as to truſt
Without aſſurance that thou wilt be juſt:
Wilt thou be true? ſpeak with a real breath.

Sat. I will be juſt (beleeve me) unto death;
I will, I will; oh may I never be
True to my ſelf, if I am falſe to thee.

Son. If thou art juſt and conſtant, tell me where
Thy ſeat is plac'd, and who is Prince of th'air;
Be true in this, and thou ſhalt find that I,
According to thy anſwer, will reply.

Sat. I'le tell thee then (becauſe I'le now fulfill
The vaſt deſires of thy enquiring will)
Where my refulgent Seat is plac't; prepare
Thy ears to hear, I'le ſpeedily declare.
The large extent of my unbounded grace
Cannot be comprehended in one place,
Becauſe I am immortal, unconfin'd
To time or place; I live in every mind
That's truly real, and not diſagreeing
To my known Laws; I have no local Being:
The World's a ſpacious *Body*, I the *Soul*
Which lives in every part compleat and whole:
Thus this diſpute is eaſily decided,
For what's immortal cannot be divided.
Nay more, becauſe I'le fill thee with content,
I ſay I'm *Prince* of every Element,

There-

Therefore of Air: Now if thou canſt enquire
Any thing more, I'le anſwer thy deſire.
Before I ſuffer my ſwift thoughts to ſlide *Sou.*
Into more queſtions, I'le be ſatisfy'd
In what is paſt: If ſo it be, you have
No local Being, how then will you ſave
Thoſe *Hoſts* of Souls which you intend ſhall be
Seal'd with the Signet of Eternitie?
Did you not tell me, that your peaceful Seat
Was rich, ſublime, (and without meaſure) great?
If thus it be, as 'tis expreſt by you,
'Tis more then ſtrange that 'tis not local too:
Clear but this doubt, and thou ſhalt quickly find
Thoſe duties that attend an honeſt mind
Flow from my breſt, till then I'le reſt in peace,
As you perform, ſo ſhall my love encreaſe.
Ambiguous Soul, why doſt thou thus connive *Sat.*
At thine own follies? Why doſt thou deprive
Thy ſelf of comfort, comforts that will heal
Th'exulcerous ſores of thy diſtemper'd weal?
Why art thou thus inquiſitive? the thing
That thou deſir'ſt to know (if known) will bring
Small ſatisfaction to thy dubious breſt;
He's wiſe enough that knows he ſhall be bleſt:
If you enquire in ſuch a doubtful caſe,
You'l loſe your reſt in ſeeking out the place.

Sur-

Surceaſe thy thoughts, and do not proudly knock
Thy ſelf in pieces, now thou knowſt the rock:
Pry not too far, let ſecret things alone,
My *Zodiack* has more ſigns then muſt be known:
'Tis not the Heav'n of Heav'ns that can contain
Me, the *Creator*, and my glorious train:
I am even what I pleaſe, and I will be (to thee?
Even where I wil. *So.* Wher's that? *Sa.* What's that
The knowledg of my Seat does no way tend
To thy Salvation, therefore ceaſe to ſpend
Such fruitleſs thoughts, caſt by this needleſs care,
Learn to know what I am, no matter where.

Son I muſt confeſs, it is not good to pry
In things that ſuit not the capacity;
But ſeeing 'twas your pleaſure to expreſs
So much of friendſhip, I made bold t'addreſs
My ſelf unto you, pardon then my crimes,
You know that wiſeſt men may doubt ſometimes:
Your weights are light, or elſe your courage fails,
You have not ſtrength enough to turn the ſcales
Of my affections, yet you had almoſt
Droven my ill-man'd ſhip upon your Coaſt;
The winds of your perſwaſions rage and roar
Within my breſt, I cannot find a ſhoar
For my deſires; I'm toſt from wave to wave,
And am become a moſt diſtracted ſlave:

Thoſe

Thoſe heav'nly thoughts which formerly frequent-
The cloſet of my breſt, are now prevented (ed
By baſe-bred fancies, fancies that ariſe
From a foul brain, and makes me to diſpiſe
Almoſt my ſelf; I know not what to do,
I dare not, oh I dare not yield to you;
And yet I hardly can believe thou wilt
Burthen thy conſcience with ſo foul a guilt
As to betray me, ſure thou art more kind
Then to abuſe a well-affected mind;
But yet I dare not truſt a Soul-purſuer,
Becauſe thou kill'ſt when thou pretend'ſt to cure.
I reel, I reel, (if not ſuſtain'd) I ſhall
Receive a ſudden and a deadly fall;
What ſhall I do in this deplor'd condition?
I fear, I fear I've loſt my beſt Phyſician:
Try Satan, try, and ſee what may be done
For a ſick Soul, that fooliſhly has run
Beyond it ſelf; oh ſee what thou canſt do
To give me eaſe, and then I'le call thee true.

Now Soul I love thee; rouze, bid grief depart, *Sat.*
Thou haſt the ſymptomes of an honeſt heart:
Methinks I could, with much content, afford
To ſay thou ſpeak'ſt a Chriſtian at a word;
Cheer up, and know that many troubles wait
Upon the changes of an ancient *State*:

The

The work of *Reformation* alway brings
Trouble at firſt, but afterwards it ſings
Anthems of Peace, whoſe fortunate event
Will more then countervail thy diſcontent.
He that has ſpent the treaſure of his days
Under one roof, has reaſon to diſpraiſe
The troubles of removing; yet at laſt
(When his defatigating cares are paſt)
He may declare himſelf to be a debter
To fortune, and confeſs that life the better.
Even ſo mayſt thou (dear Soul) hereafter ſay,
Bleſt be that hand which led thee from the way
And paths of Ignorance, although at firſt
['Tis often known, beginnings are the worſt]
Thou feel'ſt a private nakedneſs within,
Becauſe thou haſt uncloth'd thy ſelf of ſin:
Although, I muſt confeſs, there cannot be
A *vacuum* in nature, yet in thee
There is an emptineſs, and muſt be ſtill,
For what is empty craves a time to fill.
If he whoſe ſtomack hath ſuſtain'd the rage
Of ſharp'ning hunger, ſhould at firſt aſſwage
His appetite with fulneſs, would it not
Produce a ſurfeit, and impoſe a blot
Upon his wiſdom, raiſing ſuch a ſtrife
Within his *Microcoſmus*, that his life

Would

Would be endanger'd? Therefore learn by rote,
That moderation is the chiefeſt note:
In all my *Gammut*, none can ſing ſo high
A note as moderation, only *I*.
If I ſhould let thee make too large a meal
Of my rich Joys at firſt, I ſhould reveal
Too much of folly; for if thou ſhouldſt take
A ſurfeit at the firſt, It needs muſt make
Thee fear, nay hate, to entertain my diet;
'Tis better far to ſpare at firſt then riot:
Moreover, ſhould I let thee taſte thy fill
At firſt, I know the reins of thy fierce will
Would ſcorn a hand, 'tis dangerous to truſt;
Preſumptions ſpur can never want for ruſt:
Come Soul, let Reaſon rule thee, do not ſtain
Thy well-dy'd judgment, 'tis a greater pain
To fear, then ſuffer; come, I long to ſee
Thee wanton with me in Eternitie;
Then doubt no more, reſolve, and let's away,
There is no greater grief then to delay
A happineſs; be well inform'd of this,
Procraſtination is a foe to Bliſs.
Thy words impoſthumate my heart, I feel *Son.*
A greater pain then ever *Ixions* wheel
Knew how to inflict, extremities ſtill crowd
Into my thoughts; my ſorrows call aloud,

And

And none will hear; what ſhall I do? for I
Unworthy am to live, unfit to dye;
Except th'all-ruling power above will pleaſe
T'inſpect my Soul, and furniſh me with eaſe,
To whoſe bleſt ears I'le recommend my ſuit,
My ſorrows will not let my tongue be mute.
Great *Auditor* of groans, oh let my cries,
My ſighs, my tears, invite thine ears, thine eyes
To hear, and view me, for I muſt confeſs,
My crimes are great, and I am nothing leſs
Then what is leaſt; alas! and nothing better
Then what is worſt, oh pardon me thy debter:
I'm toſt with grief, and know not where to ſteer
My ſhipwrack'd ſelf, but ſtill my ſins appear
Before my face, whoſe looks almoſt affright,
And make me ſtart into eternal night:
What ſhall I do? or whither ſhall I flee,
That am an alien (Lord) except to thee?
From thee I cannot, and I am too vile
To come unto thee, having made a ſpoyl
Of thoſe moſt ſacred mercies which thy hand
Confer'd upon me, there is no Command
But I have broke; yet, gracious Lord, I know
That thy abounding mercies can o'reflow
My fand excelling ſins, which cannot lie
Abſconded from thine all-ſurveying eye.

VVith

With ſhame I muſt confeſs the ſubtile art
Of *Satan* hath impoyſoned my heart;
Oh I am ſick to death, I ſwell, I burſt
Never was any ſoul ſo much accurſt:
There's none but thee, thou ſacred *antidote*
Can cure my grief, be therefore pleas'd to note
My ſad condition, let my ſorrows lye
Before thy face, oh hear me when I cry;
Grant me the ſhield of faith, that I may ſtand
In oppoſition to the powerfull hand
Of active *Satan*, weaken (*Lord*) his powre
And add unto my ſtrength; Let every hour
Afford new mercies, mercies that may fail
Into my breaſt, ah ſhould my *Foe* prevail
Oh then I periſh, ſhorten (*Lord*) his chain
And lengthen out my patience, oh make vaine
His fierce attempts, that he may feel, and ſee
When he is ſtrongeſt, I'm as ſtrong as he,
Then ſhall my lipps extoll thee, and proclame
The greatneſs of thy glory, and his ſhame
Give but thy grace unto me (*Lord*) and then
Say what thou wilt, my tongue ſhall ſay *Amen*.
Let everlaſting plagues and horror dwell *Sat.*
Within ſo fit a ſoul, let black-mouth'd *Hell*
Remove his ſcituation, and take
An everlaſting Leaſe, oh let him make

A *Tenement* of thee; doſt thou think that I
Will here thy prayers, oh no, I ſcorn thee, fiye
Away, begon ——

Son What voyce is this that makes this bold intruſion
Into my eares, and grumbles out confuſion,
Me thinks I ſee a ſtorme-portending cloud,
Bowel'd with thunder, and I hear a loud
And horrid noiſe, a noyſe that would confound
A wel-prepared eare to here the ſound;
Who would not quake at ſuch a voyce as this
That roares forth Malice with an Emphaſis?
My thoughts are interrupted, and amaſement,
Flaſhes like Lightning through the brittle caſement
Of my ill-glaſed breſt; It cannot be
The voyce of Heav'n, a *God* ſo pure as he
Hates to be envious, malice cannot ſpring
From ſuch a good (and love-compoſed) *King*;
Although his voyce (made terrible) oft-times
By the addition of mans dayly crimes
Thunders againſt a ſinner, yet his breath
Can take no pleaſure in a ſinners death.
Hereafter (Lord) when malice findes a voyce
To ſpeak, my underſtanding ſhall rejoyce,
In knowing who it is; this heart of mine
Shall never quake at any voyce but thine;

Then

Then let hels deep-mouth'd *blood-hound*, roar & thunder
Ile neither fear, nor love, nor quake, nor wonder,
For 'tis not ſtrange to here a Lyon roare
That wants his prey, the more he has, the more
He ſeeks for more, imploying ſtill his power
In ſeeking how, and whom he may devour:
Know therefore *Sathan*, that I am prepar'd
To meet thee, and I will not be out dar'd;
Tis not thy falſe malifluous tongue ſhall tempt
My heart to love, no, nor thy rage exempt
My thoghts from heav'n, although thy craft ſtil lurks
For opertunity to ſtop good works;
When I compoſe my ſelf, and ſtrive to pray,
Thou ſeek'ſt to turn my thoughts another way:
Thou great corrupter of Divin'r parts,
Thou watchfull *theif* that ſteal'ſt into the hearts
Of ſilly mortals, think not to devour
My armed heart with thy perſuing power.
Will nothing move thee, wilt thou ſtill miſtruſt, *Sat.*
If fare means will not move thee, foul means muſt
What doſt thou think my arm is grown ſo ſhort
It cannot reach thee, doſt thou think to ſport
with my commands; ſay, thou imperious mite
Who gave thee being, who created light,
Who made the Heav'ns, the earth, the ſea, reply
Audacious wretch, ſpeak, was it thee, or *I*,

Thou vain contender, doſt thou think to gain
By ſtriving with me, any thing but pain,
Oh no, thou ſhalt not, for Ile ſtill renue
Thy pinching ſorrows, therefore bid adue
To all thy comforts, for thou ſhalt no more
Injoy thoſe bleſſings thou injoyd'ſt before,
Oh how thy horrid tongue ſhall roar and cry
With *Dives* for a drop, but no ſupply
Shall dare t' appear; the more thou crav'ſt, the leſs
Thou ſhalt be heard, for nothing ſhall expreſſe
The leaſt of pleaſure to thy per-boyl'd heart,
Thy chiefeſt food ſhall be perpetuall ſmart,
Be well aſſured that thy eares thy eyes
Shall hear, nor ſee, nought but extremities,
Begon, begon, my fury hates delay;
Hell, and damnation be thy lot, away.

Son. Experience makes me underſtand thou art
A lively actor, of a deadly part,
I finde the greatneſſe of your ſwelling rage;
Your *Prologue* ſpeaks 'twould be a bloudy ſtage
If you might act as King, but *Heav'n* prevent
The curſed plots of your accurſt intent;
I fear thee not, becauſe I know thy powre
Is limitted, and thou canſt not devoure
Without commiſſion, therefore do thy worſt,
And let thy envie ſwell untill it burſt

And

And fall to nothing, my *Creator* gives
Me faith to ſay that my *Redeemer* lives,
And wil protect me from the rage of thoſe
That are my known and ſecret deadly Foes.
Thy thundring words ſhal not make me complying
For he's unwiſe that dyes for fear of dying;
Thus being guarded with the ſhield of grace
Ile ſpite defiance in thine impious face.
Thou art a *Lyon*, and thou ſeek'ſt for blood
How bad's that ſoul that dares to think thee good;
Urge me no more caſhiere thy fruitleſſe trouble,
The more thou ſtriv'ſt, the more Ile ſtrive to double
My reſolutions, for I dare not venture
To reſt my heart on ſuch a bloody center,
Oh no I dare not; he that ſhal let goe
A certain friend for a moſt certain foe
Juſtly deſerves to have no other fame,
But what reproach can build upon his name;
Should I permit my rambling thoughts to glance
Upon thy love, the Plea of Ignorance
Could not be prevalent, becauſe 'tis known
Unto the bleſt-united three in one
That I (by his aſſiſtance) have diſcry'd
Thy reall flat'ry, and thy humble pride;
I dare affirm no greater pride can be
Then that that's acted with humility,

But here I'le ſtop and leave thee to inherit
Th' effects of a diabolique ſpirit.
Sat. Accurſed *chatiffe*, doſt thou think to ſcape
The fury of my hand, or make a rape
Upon my goodneſs, no, the Sun and Moon
Shall ſtop their uſuall progreſſes as ſoon
As I will change my minde, vengeance is mine
And Ile repay it on that *Soul* of thine.
Begon, begon, expect thy ſudden doom,
It is thy *ſins* give puniſhment a room:
Let everlaſting Plagues, and horror dwell
Within ſo fit a Soul, let black-mouth'd Hell
Remove his ſeituation, and ſo take
A ſtill continuing Leaſe, oh let him make
A *ten'ment* of thee, doſt thou think that I
Will hear thy Prayers, oh no I ſcorn thee, fye
Away, begon ——
Sou If words could kill, I had been ere this time
Worded to death, but now I hope to clime
Above the reach of words in thy deſpight,
Where thou may'ſt grumble at me, but not bite
Even as the ſurly blood-deſiring *dog*
Ty'd with a chain, or loaded with a clog
Grows fiercer with reſtraint, and ſtands in awe
Of nothing but his maſter, to whoſe law

He

He muſt ſubmit and keep within his liſt;
For fear will not permit him to reſiſt:
But if ſome wandring paſſenger ſhould chance
To walk along, he quickly would advance
His watchfull head, and running too and fro
From place to place, he tuggs but cannot go
Beyond his bounds, but labours ſtill in vaine
(With fruitleſſe biting of his ſenſleſs chain)
To free himſelf, but when he finds his ſtrength
Is not ſufficient to out-go the length
Of his well-faſtned chain, he ſoon devides
His ſharp-fang'd jaws, and bauls until his ſides
And lungs are weary, then he runs the round
Until he layes himſelf upon the ground
VVhere he remaineth much diſpleas'd and vext
Seeming to threaten ruin to the next:
So you (hels ty-dog) if thou couldſt but ſtrain
And quit thy ſelf from heaven's faſt-holding chain
VVhat *Soul* could ſcape thy jaws, or be poſſeſt
Of laſting peace, or comfortable reſt,
How ſad, how miſerable had it been
For patient *Job*, had but thy pow'r been ſeen
Upon his heart; but *Heaven* that will controul
In ſpight of malice, chain'd thee from his *ſoul*:
Alas, alas! thy chain is not ſo long
To reach a *ſoul*, nor is thy pow'r ſo ſtrong

To break it at thy pleaſure, thou mayſt baul
And bark forth envie, but not hurt at all;
If thou art *God* [as thou pretendeſt] why,
Why doſt thou ſuffer ſuch a thing as I
T' expoſtulate ſo long, and doſt not ſhow
Thy judgments in my ſpeedy overthrow.
Sat. It is my goodneſs and not thy deſert
That breeds forbearance in my tender heart,
Alas, alas, what honor would acrue
To me in conquering ſuch a thing as you,
I could within a moments time aſſwage,
(But that my clemencie out-vies my rage)
Thy ſwelling fury, for I could diſcharge
Vollies of wrath and eaſily inlarge
Thy reſtleſs torments, I could make thee run
(Like morning miſts before the riſing ſun)
Out of my preſence, If I ſhould but ſay
The word begon, ah laſſe thou couldſt not ſtay,
But ah I cannot, for I hate to harme, (arm
Love guides my ſtrength, & that ſtrength guids my
Even as the *Sheepheard* with be-dewed locks
Watches the feeding of his harmleſs flocks
For fear the bold-fac'd *Wolf* ſhould chance to peep
Into the *coaſts* of his beloved ſheep,
And like a lawleſſe *Tyrant*, ſoon commence
(Againſt thoſe Emblems of pure innocence)

A bloody action, which would ſoon incite
The Sheepheards grief, to ſee ſo ſad a ſight,
So I th' eternall *Sheepheard* dayly watch
My wel-fed Lambs for fear Hels wolf ſhould catch
Or fright (not being fearfull to be bold)
My gentle flocks from their delightfull fold;
I am beloved, and mine own, will own
My ſacred Name, my voyce is not unknown
Unto my Sheep, they alwayes will be all
Firmly obedient to my cheerfull call,
For which obedience they ſhal finde reward
Nay ſuch a one, as alwayes ſhall accord
To their deſires, thrice happy ſhall they be
In truly calling, and in owning me
To be their *Sheepheard*, nothing can more pleaſe
M' indulgent *ſoul*, then ſuch dear *flocks* as theſe,
I will preſerve them, and no wolf ſhal dare
To ſeize upon them, or preſume to teare
Their downy fleeces, nothing ſhal be nearer
Unto my heart, and nothing ſhal be dearer
In my affections, for I wil affect
Even where, and when I finde a true reſpect.
What ſtrange contuſions hath thy language bred *Son*
Within my ſerious thoughts, how haſt thou fed
My ears with flatt'ries, but it is in vaine;
Becauſe my heart hath vow'd not to retain

Thy

Thy fain'd expreſſions, nothing ſhall remove
My love from *God*, nor nothing make me love
Thy wretched ſelf; then be content, and ceaſe
To urge my mind, or interrupt my Peace.
Go, do thy worſt, And when that worſt is done
Sit down as wiſely as thou haſt begun:

Sat. Art thou reſolv'd? VVell then, let vengance light
Upon thy curſed head, begon, thou mite
(Nay leſſe) of goodneſſe, go, make haſt t'inherit
Thoſe plagues that waite upon ſo damn'd a ſpirit?

Son May this be cal'd a *farewell*, if it be,
The ſelf ſame *farewell* muſt attend on thee;
I hate, nay ſcorn to bid *farewell* to you,
'Tis charity enough to bid, adieu.

The Souls Thankefulneſs, and Requeſt to God.

MOſt gracious God, I having lately felt
The fervour of thy mercies, needs muſt melt
Into a thankfulneſſe, Ah ſhould I be
Ungratefull to ſo bleſt a God as thee

'Twere

'Twere pitty, ah 'twere pitty, that the ayre
Should give me breath, or thy fierce hand forbear
To throw me headlong to the deep abiſs
Of ſpeedy ruin, where no comfort is:
Oh glorious *Lord* be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with raptures, to extoll thy name;
Alas I'm weak, and if thou ſhouldſt deny
Thy ayde, nothing could be more weak than I
If thou wilt help me, I ſhall be ſo ſtrong,
That nothing can prevail to do me wrong,
Lord I am blind, oh therefore let thy light
Expell thoſe clouds that thus ecclips my ſight;
Be thou my guide, my ſtrength, my ſight, my way,
Or elſe (being weak) I ſhall or fall, or ſtray;
Oh leave me not, but as thou haſt begun
To ſhew me mercy, let thy mercy run
VVith my deſires, and grant that I may be
A true forgetter of all things, but thee,
And rather then I ſhould forget thy call,
Oh let me have no memory at all?
Wean me, oh wean me from this nurſing earth
Make it my ſorrow, and thy Throne my mirth.
Let every morning make me know, and ſay
Thy Laws are Juſt, or let me know no day;
Let every *ev'ning* make me take delight
n thy commands, or let me know no night.

Inſpire

Inſpire my heart [O God] and make it glad
Always in thee, or make it alwayes ſad;
If thou afflict'ſt me, make me underſtand,
Thou haſt a ſtorming and a calming hand;
If *Poverty* oppreſs me, whilſt I live,
Oh let thy mercy ſend me *friends* to give,
Or if thy goodneſs pleaſe to ſend me ſtore
O give me grace to think I may be poor,
It matters not, O Lord, how poor I be
Unto the world, if I am rich to thee:
If I am hungry, ô be thou my meate,
If I am weary, ô be thou my ſeate;
Or if I feaſt, O Lord, be thou my gueſt;
If I am reſtleſſe, *Lord*, be thou my reſt;
If I am thirſty, *Lord*, be thou my ſpring
If I am ſubject, *Lord*, be thou my King;
If I have *virtue* make me dote upon her
If Honorable, be thou my honor:
And if I cannot know that which I would,
Be pleas'd to make me know, Lord, what I ſhould;
Then ſhal my ready lips expreſſe and ſhow
I know no more, then thou wouldſt have me know
My unty'd tongue ſhal evermore proclaim
Th' attendant glories of thy ſacred Name.

Divine

The sacrifice of y wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight. Pro: 15. 8

Divine Ejaculations.

I.

GReat God whoſe Scepter Rules the earth
Diſtill thy fear into my heart.
That being rapt with holy mirth
I may proclaim how good thou art.
Open my lips that I may ſing,
Full prayſes to my God, my King.

Ejaculation. II.

Lord make the torments we endure
The Symptomes of thy Love, not wrath;
Thou art our Chiron, we thy cure
Our crime's our ſores, thy blood's our bath,
O we are weake, be thou as ſtrong
How long O Lord; O Lord, how long.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculation 3.

Juſt Judge of earth, in whom we truſt
Make ſharp thy ſword, and bend thy bow,
Conſume the wicked; Save the Juſt;
For thou the Reines, and heart doſt know
Then ſhal our tongues ſing forth thy praiſe,
And praiſe thy juſtice al our dayes.

Ejaculat. 4.

Lord teach us timely how to pray,
And give us patience to expect;
Thou hateſt ſin; O guide our way;
Judge thou our Foes: The Juſt protect:
Then ſhal the wicked fall with ſhame,
And we will ſing that love thy name.

Ejaculat. 5.

Great Son of the eternal God
To whom the world ſubjected lyes,
Break not, but breed us with thy rod:
O we are fooliſh, make us wiſe:
And if thy wrath begin to flame,
Wee'l ſeek protection in thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 6.

Lord, if our enemies encreaſe,
And we invoke, bow down thine ear;
Be thou our ſhield, and make our Peace,
And we will ſcorn what worldlings fear.
Great *God* of health, great Lord of Reſt,
O make us thine, and we are bleſt.

Ejaculat. 7.

Thou righteous Hearer of Requeſts,
Make voyd the counſels of th'unjuſt;
Send peace into our trembling breſts,
And fill our hearts with fear and truſt:
If thou wilt make thy face to ſhine,
Let others joy in corn and wine.

Ejaculat. 8.

Lord, thou whoſe equal hand allays
The poor mans grief, whoſe help thou art,
Encline my heart to give thee praiſe,
And I will praiſe thee with my heart:
Forſake me not; for, Lord, I truſt,
As men are cruel, thou art juſt.

Ejaculat. 9.

Lord, cruſh my Lyon-hearted Foes,
Rout them that ſeek to ruine me;
Riſe up, O God, forget not thoſe
Whoſe wrongs refer their cauſe to thee:
Or if the wicked muſt oppreſs,
Be thou not far from my diſtreſs.

Ejaculat. 10.

Great God, thy Garden is defac'd,
The Weeds do thrive, thy Flowers decay;
O call to mind thy Promiſe paſt,
Reſtore thou them, cut theſe away:
Till then, let not the Weeds have power
To ſtarve or taint the pooreſt Flower.

Ejaculat. 11.

Lord, leave us not too long a ſpace;
O view our griefs, and hear our pray'r,
Clear thou our eyes, unvail thy face,
Leſt Foes preſume, and we deſpair.
Lord, make thy mercy our repoſe,
And we will ſing amidſt thy Foes.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 12.

Lord, teach me to renown thy Name,
Which through the world is ſo renown'd:
Let man thy glorious Works proclaim,
Whoſe head with glory thou haſt crown'd.
As beaſts to men ſubjected be,
So Lord ſubject mans heart to thee.

Ejaculat. 13.

In all extreams, Lord, thou art ſtill
The Mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my Soul deteſt all ill,
Becauſe ſo much abhor'd by thee.
Lord, let thy gracious tryals ſhow
That I am juſt, or make me ſo.

Ejaculat. 14.

Great God, whom Fools deny, how dare
Our lips requeſt thy glorious Eyes!
If thou but ſee, thou canſt not ſpare,
And what thou ſeeſt thou muſt deſpiſe.
Lord, make us hear thy ſaving voyce,
Then mayſt thou ſee, and we rejoyce.

Ejaculat. 15.

Lord, cleanſe my heart, and guide my tongue,
Preſerve my lips from falſe deceit;
Protect my hands from doing wrong,
Teach whom to love, and whom to hate:
Inſtruct me how to take and give;
Lord, grant me this, and I ſhall live.

Ejaculat. 16.

Lord, teach my Reins, that in the night
My tutor'd Reins may tutor me;
And keep me always in thy ſight
For in thy ſight all pleaſures be:
Let not my ſoul in darkneſs ſtray,
O thou my life, O thou my way.

Ejaculat. 17.

Behold my Right, and right my wrongs,
Thou Saviour of all thoſe that truſt:
O I am weak, my Foes are ſtrong;
Lord thou art gracious, thou art juſt.
O make me rightly prize this life,
And let thy glory be my ſtrife.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 18.

Great God, my ſtrength, at whoſe command,
Whil'ſt I ſerve thee, all creatures ſerve me,
Protect me from my Foe-mans hand;
O, as thou haſt preſerv'd, preſerve me:
With peaceful conqueſt crown my days,
And I will crown thy Power with praiſe.

Ejaculat. 19.

Great God, the work of whoſe high hands
The glory of thy Name declare,
How perfect ſweet are thy Commands!
How purely juſt thy Precepts are!
Cleanſe all my ſins, clear every ſpot,
Both open, ſecret, known, forgot.

Ejaculat. 20.

Accept, O God, my holy fires,
Lead thou our Armies, give ſucceſs,
Bleſs our deſigns, grant our deſires;
O hear and help in our diſtreſs:
Preſerv'd by thee, we ſhall prevail,
When Chariots flee, and horſes fail.

Ejaculat. 21.

O God, whoſe Judgments are ſevere,
And Mercies full of ſweet compaſſion,
Scourge thou thy Foes, ſave thoſe that fear,
Ravish my Soul with thy Salvation;
And I will ſpend my joyful days
In Pſalms of thanks, and Songs of praiſe.

Ejaculat. 22.

My Jeſus, thou that wert no leſs
Then God, and yet with men forlorn,
Earths Comforter, yet comfortleſs,
Heavens Glory, yet to men a ſcorn.
What thanks ſhall I return to thee,
That wert all this, and more for me!

Ejaculat. 23.

Great Shepherd of my Soul, thy hand
Both gives me food, and guides my way;
Subject my will to thy Command,
And I ſhall never ſtarve, nor ſtray.
If thou wilt keep me in thy ſight,
Thy Houſe ſhall be my whole delight.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 24.

Lord, purge my heart, and cleanſe my hand,
Direct my tongue, and guide my will;
For nothing that's unclean can ſtand
Within thy great, thy glorious Hill.
Lift up my heart, depreſt with ſin,
And let the King of Glory in.

Ejaculat. 25.

Lord, guide my footſteps in thy Truth,
And let thy grace be my repoſe;
Forgive the frailties of my youth,
And free me from my cauſleſs Foes:
Redeem thine *Iſr'el* from their hand,
And bring me to thy promis'd Land.

Ejaculat. 26.

Lord, keep me juſt, and judg my right,
Prove thou my reins, and try my heart;
O make thy Temple my delight,
And fix my dwelling where thou art:
Redeem my Soul, confirm my ways,
And give me power to give thee praiſe.

Ejaculat. 27.

My God whose fear drives fear away,
Shew me the beauty of thy House;
Preserve me in the evil day,
That I may sing, and pay my vows.
Lord, grant me fear, and guard my path;
Give Patience, and with Patience, Faith.

Ejaculat. 28.

O God, be thou my living Rock,
Whereto my restless Soul may fly:
Blest be thy Name; when I invoke,
Thou hear'st my suit, and send'st supply.
My Foes confound, or else convert,
Or weaken, that they may not hurt.

Ejaculat. 29.

Shall Mountain, Desert, Beast, and Tree,
Yield to that heavenly Voyce of thine,
And shall that voyce not startle me?
Not stir this stone, this heart of mine?
No, Lord; till thou new-bore mine ear
Thy Voyce is lost, I cannot hear.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 30.

Lord, let the evening of my grief
Be followed with a morning joy;
Hear thou my cry, and ſend relief,
That tak'ſt no pleaſure to deſtroy:
If thou wilt lengthen out my days,
Their task ſhall be to ſing thy Praiſe.

Ejaculat. 31.

Lord, thou that hoord'ſt thy Grace for thoſe
That love and fear thy ſacred Name,
Redeem me from my conqu'ring Foes,
And vindicate my truſt from ſhame:
Give me fair Conqueſt at the end,
Till then, true courage to attend.

Ejaculat. 32.

Let my confeſſion lanch my ſore,
And let forgiveneſs cure my wound;
Lord, teach me early to implore,
For I am loſt till thou art found:
Then ſhall my joyful Songs expreſs
Thy Praiſes, and my thankfulneſs.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 33.

Great Lord of Wonders, thou by whom
My heart was fram'd and form'd alone,
From whoſe high Power all powers come,
That didſt but ſay, and it was done;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To ſee thy Power, and ſing thy praiſe.

Ejaculat. 34.

Lord, let the Sun-ſhine of thy face
So clear mine eyes, ſo cleanſe my heart,
That being ſeaſon'd with thy grace,
My Soul may taſte how ſweet thou art.
O let thy mercy make me juſt,
And then my heart ſhall fear and truſt.

Ejaculat. 35.

Lord, plead my cauſe, and right my wrong,
And take my Snarers in their ſnare;
O be not from me, Lord, too long,
Leſt they triumph, and I deſpair.
Let all my Foes be cloth'd with ſhame,
Whil'ſt I ſing praiſes to thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 36.

Fountain of Light, and living Breath,
Whoſe Mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no ſhade:
Confound the proud in their pretence,
And let thy wings be my defence.

Ejaculat. 37.

Be thou my Truſt, my God, and I,
When ſinners thrive, will not repine;
Or if my wants ſhould want ſupply,
I will not fret, I will not whine:
What if their wealth, my wants, increaſe,
They ſhall have plagues at laſt, I peace.

Ejaculat. 38.

Lord, in thy wrath correct me not,
For I confeſs and hate my ſin;
My fleſh conſumes, my bones do rot,
I've pains without, and pangs within.
O thou that art the God of Reſt,
Releaſe my ſin, relieve my breſt.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 39.

Lord, curb my tongue, and make me ſee
How few my days, how ſhort their length:
Incline my heart to truſt in thee;
Remove thy ſcourge, or give me ſtrength:
I am a Pilgrim, hear my cry,
And ſend ſome comfort ere I dye.

Ejaculat. 40.

Lord, thou whoſe Mercies do exceed,
O fill my language with thy praiſe,
Stand thou my Helper at my need,
Confound the wicked in their ways:
Be thou my Comfort in my grief,
And crown my Patience with relief.

Ejaculat. 41.

Lord, if thy pleaſure make me poor,
Thou wilt bleſs them that give me bread;
If thy ſick hand hath ſcourg'd me ſore,
That hand that ſtruck will make my bed.
Suſtain me, Lord; be thou my Store,
I ſhall be neither ſick nor poor.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 42.

My God, full tears are all the dyet
That feed my ſad, my drooping breſt:
In my diſtreſs, in my diſquiet,
Be thou my Stay, be thou my Reſt:
Be thou my God in my relief,
And I will triumph in my grief.

Ejaculat. 43.

Lord, right my wrongs, and plead my right
Againſt all thoſe that ſeek my Ill;
O let thy perfect Truth and Light
Conduct me to thy holy Hill:
Then ſhall thy Altar make relation
Of thy due Praiſe, and my Salvation.

Ejaculat. 44.

Lord, our fore-fathers found redreſs
In all their frights, in all their fears;
Wilt thou be dumb to my diſtreſs,
And not my God, as well as theirs?
Redeem my Soul, whoſe loyal knee
Ne're bow'd to any *God*, but thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 45.

Great Bridegroom, fill thy deareſt Spouſe
With outward glory, inward graces;
May ſhe forget her fathers houſe,
And only clinge to thy embraces:
Affect her heart with Love and Duty,
And then take pleaſure in her Beauty.

Ejaculat. 46.

Lord, help me when my griefs do call,
In my diſtreſs O be thou near;
Then if Earth change, or Mountains fall,
I will not faint, I will not fear.
Shew me thy Wonders, and inflame
My heart to magnifie thy Name.

Ejaculat. 47.

Lord, let thy Judgments fill all thoſe
That love thy *Mount* with joy and mirth;
Confound and cruſh all *Sions* Foes,
Sion the glory of the Earth:
Let all that love thy *Sions* glory,
Recount her State, repeat her Story.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 48.

Lord, teach me wiſely to contemn
All goods that tranſitory be,
Let me not ſtand poſſeſt of them,
If they be not poſſeſt in thee.
If I be wealthy, and not wiſe,
I live but like a beaſt that dyes.

Ejaculat. 49.

Lord God of gods, before whoſe Throne
Stand fire and ſtorms, O what ſhall we
Return to Heav'n that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee!
We have no offering to impart,
But praiſes, and a wounded heart.

Ejaculat. 50.

Lord, if thy Mercies purge my heart,
Conceiv'd in luſt, and born in ſin,
Breathe truth into my inward part,
Renew me a firm ſpirit within:
Then let thy goodneſs not deteſt
The ruines of a broken breſt.

Ejaculat. 51.

Let others boaſt in gold, and prize
Evil more then good, and love deceit,
Thy Mercies, Lord, are my ſupplies,
And on thy Name will I await.
Lord, let thy Mercies ſtill inure
My breſt to love the thing that's pure.

Ejaculat. 52.

Lord, if thou take away thy hand,
How all compos'd of fears are we!
What Arm can ſave? what ſtrength can ſtand?
When Man, poor man's forſook by thee?
Lord, keep my Faith in thee unſhaken,
For thou forſak'ſt not till forſaken.

Ejaculat. 53.

Lord, let thy Name ſecure and free
My threat'ned Soul from all my Foes;
Stand thou with them that ſtand for me,
Support all theſe, ſuppreſs all thoſe:
Then ſhall my Soul diviſion run
Upon thy Praiſe, till Time be done.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 54.

Hearer of Prayers, confound my Foes,
That bruiſe my tortur'd Soul to duſt:
In man, alas, there's no repoſe;
Foes have no pity, Friends no truſt.
My truſt is in thy Word, which ſays,
They ſhall not live out half their days.

Ejaculat. 55.

O God, the malice of my Foes
Encreaſeth dayly more and more;
But, Lord, thou art my ſafe repoſe,
Thou art my ſtrength, thou art my ſtore:
Be thou my gracious God, and then
I will not fear the pow'r of men.

Ejaculat. 56.

Be gracious, Lord, unto my grief,
For in thy ſhadow do I truſt;
O ſend me plentiful relief,
For thou art merciful and juſt;
Then ſhall my ſpirits utter forth
Twi-light *Hoſanna's* to thy worth.

Ejaculat. 57.

Lord, keep me from thoſe hearts and tongues
That practiſe miſchief from the womb;
Weigh right to them that weigh us wrongs,
And let confuſion be their doom:
But let the Juſt be fill'd with mirth,
And fear that God that rules the Earth.

Ejaculat. 58.

Lord, ſave me from my Foes; make voyd
Their Plots, and all their Counſels vain;
For ever let them be deſtroy'd,
For in thy hand my hopes remain:
And I will always ſpend my days
In Hymns of thanks, and Songs of praiſe.

Ejaculat. 59.

Lord, though we feel the bitter taſte
Of thy diſpleaſure for a while;
Yet thou art gracious, and at laſt
Thy angry brow, that frown'd, will ſmile.
O when that ſtorm is over-blown,
Thou'lt trample thoſe that tread us down.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 60.

Lord, hear my troubled voyce, and bring
My Soul to that ſweet Rock of Reſt;
Protect all thoſe that ſtrive to ſing
Thy praiſes with a cheerful breſt:
Let comfort with our years increaſe,
That we may praiſe thy Name in peace.

Ejaculat. 61.

Lord God, from whom all mercy ſprings,
Inſtruct my hopes to wait on thee;
Teach me what vain and fruitleſs things
The helps of what is earthly be.
All ſtrength belongs to thee alone,
'Tis thou, my God, muſt help, or none.

Ejaculat. 62.

Lord, how I long to ſee thy face,
That I might ſpend me in thy praiſe!
Thou art my glory in diſgrace;
Suſtain my ſteps, direct my ways:
Thou art my Refuge; when oppreſt
With grief, my Joy; with toyl, my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 63.

Lord, hide me from my bloody Foes,
For in thy goodneſs do I truſt;
Protect my ſought-for life from thoſe
That ſhoot in ſecret for the juſt.
So then ſhall I that fear thy Name
Have cauſe of glory, they of ſhame.

Ejaculat. 64.

Thou gracious Hearer of Requeſts,
Hide all my ſins behind thy merits;
Showre down thy Spirit into our breſts,
And drop thy grace into our ſpirits;
That from our faith rich works may ſpring,
And give us cauſe to ſhout and ſing.

Ejaculat. 65.

Lord, if thy flame muſt needs be felt,
Let us be purged in that flame;
Let our rebellious ſpirits melt
Into the Praiſes of thy Name;
That we being tutor'd, and kept under,
May fear with love, and love with wonder.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 66.

Lord, let thy favour ſtill inflame
Our light'ned hearts to walk thy ways,
That all the World may praiſe thy Name,
And all the Earth may ſing thy Praiſe:
So fructifie our hearts, that we
May bleſs thy Name, being bleſt by thee.

Ejaculat. 67.

Lord, riſe in pow'r within my heart,
And chaſe my ſins, thy Foes, and mine,
Then ſhall I ſee thee as thou art,
In Glory great, in Power divine:
So I, more white then Snow, ſhall ſing
Thy ways, and praiſe my God, my King.

Ejaculat. 68.

To that ſweet Lamb, which did ſuſtain
Grief above weight, Pain above meaſure,
Whoſe ſtripes, and ſcoffs, and grief, and pain,
Were only purchas'd by our pleaſure,
Be Honor, Glory, Praiſes, given
By Souls on Earth, by Saints in Heaven.

Ejaculat. 69.

Let ſhame be their due recompence
That ſeek to wound my Soul with ſhame:
Be thou their help, and ſtrong defence,
That ſeek thee Lord, and love thy Name.
Make haſte, O God, for I do waſte
My Soul with grief; O God, make haſte.

Ejaculat. 70.

Lord, thou that underneath thy wing
Didſt keep me in, and from the womb,
Aſſiſt my age, that it may ſing
Thy praiſe in ages yet to come.
Preſerve my Soul protect my name;
Shame be to them that ſeek my ſhame.

Ejaculat. 71.

Great Prince of Peace, whoſe Kingdom brings
Juſtice, Redemption, Power, and Peace,
That bends the knees and hearts of Kings,
And fill'ſt all Nations with encreaſe,
All Praiſes, Honor, Glory, be
Aſcrib'd alone, great Prince, to thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 72.

O God, whoſe dreadful Voyce, like Thunder,
Affrights the Earth, and ſhakes the Ayr,
Whoſe Works and Ways are full of wonder,
That hear'ſt my plaints, and grant'ſt my pray'r,
Forſake me not, but when I ſtray,
O let thy Crook reform my way.

Ejaculat. 73.

O thou, whoſe Mercy did begin
Before all Time, unty'd to Times,
As thou forgav'ſt our Fathers Sin,
Be likewiſe gracious to our Crimes:
Th'art now a God, as well as then,
And we, as they, no more then men.

Ejaculat. 74.

O God, the *Sion* of my Soul
Is wholly deſolate and waſte,
Where thou ſhouldſt rule, my luſts controul;
O Lord, relieve, O God, make haſte:
Then ſhall my heart and tongue proclaim
Eternal Praiſes to thy Name.

Ejaculat. 75.

Glorious Creator, make thy face to ſhine
On this our poor diſtreſſed Land;
Defend, and dreſs thy fading Vine,
And bleſs the Man of thy right hand:
Let thy Free-grace inflame our hearts,
And we will ſing thy praiſe in parts.

Ejaculat. 76.

O God, our Song, our Strength, whoſe hand
Hath broke our bonds, and ſet us free,
Incline our hearts to thy Command,
And we will own no God but thee:
Conduct and feed us as thy Flock,
And give us honey from thy * *Rock*.

* *Pſal.* 81.16

Ejaculat. 77.

Direct, O God, the Judges breſt,
Preſerve his hands, his eyes upright,
That he may vindicate th'oppreſt,
And guard him from injurious might:
O let him know that he ſhall be,
As Judg of others, judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 78.

Lord, caſt thine eyes upon thy Foes,
Confound their Troops, that are combin'd
Againſt thy Flock, which thou haſt choſe,
Make them like chaff before the wind:
Defeat their plots with ſudden ſhame,
That they may ſeek Jehovah's Name.

Ejaculat. 79.

Lord, teach mine eyes, my will, my heart,
To ſee, to chooſe, and to deſire
Thy beautious Courts wherein thou art;
O fill my thoughts with holy fire.
Be thou my Sun, whoſe glorious Rays
May light my Soul to ſing thy praiſe.

Ejaculat. 80.

O God, remit thy Peoples Sin,
And ſhew the Sun-ſhine of thy Face,
Repreſs thy fury, and begin
T'inſpire us with thy ſaving grace;
That Righteouſneſs and Truth may meet,
And light our hearts, and lead our feet.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 81.

Great Spring, from whence all mercy flows
To them that truſt and love thy Name,
Give me thy ſtrength, and then my Foes
Shall ſee thy greatneſs, and their ſhame:
Be thou my Way, my Truth, my Light,
So ſhall I live, and dye upright.

Ejaculat. 82.

Sion, the glory of the Earth,
And Subject of my holy Paſſion,
May all the Well-ſprings of my mirth
Be founded upon thy Foundation:
Of all delights I wiſh no other,
Then to be Son to ſuch a Mother.

Ejaculat. 83.

Lord, let thy fury ceaſe to burn,
Or elſe my Soul muſt ceaſe to be;
Can praiſes iſſue from the Urn?
What thanks can aſhes give to thee?
Enough, if thou but undertake me,
Let death ſurprize, let friends forſake me.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 84.

Lord, thou whoſe Mercy fails not thoſe
That build their truſt upon thy Name,
Protect my Soul from all my Foes,
Then ſhall my tongue thy worth proclaim:
So ſhall the remnant of my days
Be crown'd in Peace, and thou with Praiſe.

Ejaculat. 85.

Eternal God, before whoſe Eyes
A thouſand years ſeem as a day,
Direct our hearts, and make us wiſe
To uſe that time we cannot ſtay:
Send Joy to our faſt hearts, and bleſs
Our proſp'rous actions with ſucceſs.

Ejaculat. 86.

Though thouſands here, ten thouſands there,
Do dayly fall before mine eyes,
I will not faint, I will not fear,
Beneath the wings of the moſt High:
Let me be guarded, Lord, by thee,
Then I'le not fear, nor faint, nor flee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 87.

Lord, purge my Soul, that I may learn
To read my Fortunes by thy hand;
Let my inſtructed Soul diſcern,
That worldly bliſs is not thy brand.
Lord, in thy Mercy make me thine,
I have enough, ſhowre thou, or ſhine.

Ejaculat. 88.

Great Monarch of the World, diſcloſe
Thy Power, and make thy Glory known;
Out-flood the floods of all my Foes,
And in my heart fix thou thy Throne:
Plant Holineſs within my breſt,
O Lord, my Strength, O God, my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 89.

Juſt God of Vengeance, caſt an eye
Upon my poor afflicted breſt;
O ſend me help, O hear my cry,
And let thy comforts be my reſt:
Suppreſs my Foes, and ſet me free,
That have no Hope, no Help, but thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 90.

Great God of gods, great King of kings,
From whom, by whom, we live, we be,
In whom my Soul her triumph ſings,
To whom alone bows every knee:
Teach me thy Way; thy Will's my Feaſt,
Thy Crook my Guide, thy Fold my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 91.

Lord, let our Jeſus, and thy Chriſt,
Be all the ſubject of our mirth;
Let Satans Power be diſmiſt,
And let him rule, and judg the Earth:
Then, then eternal Peace ſhall be
Return'd to us, and praiſe to thee.

Ejaculat. 92.

Great King of Glory, who art dreſt
In Clothes of Clouds, in Robes of Fire,
Make evil hateful to my breſt,
Then ſhall I love thee moſt intire:
Then ſhall my boſom reap that light
Which thou haſt ſown for the upright.

Ejaculat.

Ejrculat. 93.

Great God of Wonders, that doſt ope
The Gate of Life to our glad days,
And found'ſt a help beyond all thoſe,
O give us mouths to give thee praiſe:
So guide our ways, juſt Judg, that we
May joyfully be judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat. 94.

Great God, whoſe Promiſe is to hear,
Whoſe Practiſe is to pardon Sin,
Let my Petitions find an ear,
And cleanſe my lep'rous Soul within.
Thou, Lord, art holy, teach my heart
To ſing thy Praiſes as thou art.

Ejaculat. 95.

Eternal Maker, grant that we
May praiſe thee with a cheerful heart;
Guide thou our ways, and let us be
The ſheep, where thou the Shepherd art:
For, Lord, thy Truth is always ſure,
And thy great Mercy ſhall endure.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 96.

Lord, teach my heart to walk upright
In publique rev'rence, private fear;
Keep thou the humble in thy ſight,
And to the proud be thou ſevere:
Then ſhall thy Saints in triumph ſhow
Thy Mercy, and thy Juſtice too.

Ejaculat. 97.

O God, how poor a thing is Man!
Begot in ſin, and born in ſorrow;
Our breath's a blaſt, our life a Span,
But here to day, and gone to morrow.
How needful, Lord is thy ſupport!
Our days are bad, our time is ſhort.

Ejaculat. 98.

O thou, within whoſe tender breſt
Full ſtreams of ſweet compaſſion flow,
Whoſe Mercies cannot be expreſt
By Saints above, or Men below;
My Soul ſhall praiſe, my heart ſhall bleſs
That goodneſs, tongues cannot expreſs.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 87.

Lord, purge my Soul, that I may learn
To read my Fortunes by thy hand;
Let my inſtructed Soul diſcern,
That worldly bliſs is not thy brand.
Lord, in thy Mercy make me thine,
I have enough, ſhowre thou, or ſhine.

Ejaculat. 88.

Great Monarch of the World, diſcloſe
Thy Power, and make thy Glory known;
Out-flood the floods of all my Foes,
And in my heart fix thou thy Throne:
Plant Holineſs within my breſt,
O Lord, my Strength, O God, my Reſt.

Ejaculat. 89.

Juſt God of Vengeance, caſt an eye
Upon my poor afflicted breſt;
O ſend me help, O hear my cry,
And let thy comforts be my reſt:
Suppreſs my Foes, and ſet me free,
That have no Hope, no Help, but thee.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 90.

Great God of gods, great King of kings,
From whom, by whom, we live, we be,
In whom my Soul her triumph sings,
To whom alone bows every knee:
Teach me thy Way; thy Will's my Feast,
Thy Crook my Guide, thy Fold my Rest.

Ejaculat. 91.

Lord, let our Jesus, and thy Christ,
Be all the subject of our mirth;
Let Satans Power be dismist,
And let him rule, and judg the Earth:
Then, then eternal Peace shall be
Return'd to us, and praise to thee.

Ejaculat. 92.

Great King of Glory, who art dress
In Clothes of Clouds, in Robes of Fire,
Make evil hateful to my breast,
Then shall I love thee most intire:
Then shall my bosom reap that light
Which thou hast sown for the upright.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 93.

Great God of Wonders, that dost ope
The Gate of Life to our glad days,
And found'st a help beyond all those,
O give us mouths to give thee praise:
So guide our ways, just Judg, that we
May joyfully be judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat. 94.

Great God, whose Promise is to hear,
Whose Practise is to pardon Sin,
Let my Petitions find an ear,
And cleanse my lep'rous Soul within.
Thou, Lord, art holy, teach my heart
To sing thy Praises as thou art.

Ejaculat. 95.

Eternal Maker, grant that we
May praise thee with a cheerful heart;
Guide thou our ways, and let us be
The sheep, where thou the Shepherd art:
For, Lord, thy Truth is always sure,
And thy great Mercy shall endure.

Ejaculat

Ejaculat. 96.

Lord, teach my heart to walk upright
In publique rev'rence, private fear;
Keep thou the humble in thy sight,
And to the proud be thou severe:
Then shall thy Saints in triumph show
Thy Mercy, and thy Justice too.

Ejaculat. 97.

O God, how poor a thing is Man!
Begot in sin, and born in sorrow;
Our breath's a blast, our life a Span,
But here to day, and gone to morrow.
How needful, Lord is thy support!
Our days are bad, our time is short.

Ejaculat. 98.

O thou, within whose tender breast
Full streams of sweet compassion flow,
Whose Mercies cannot be expresst
By Saints above, or Men below;
My Soul shall praise, my heart shall bless
That goodness, tongues cannot express.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 99.

Lord, every creature writes a Story
Of thy full Majesty and Might,
The contemplation of whose Glory
Shall always be my hearts delight:
Accept that praise my Soul can give,
And it shall praise thee while I live.

Ejaculat. 100.

Dear God, the *Pharaoh* of our Souls
Afflicts the *Isr'el* of our hearts;
Where thou shouldst govern, he controuls;
What thou command'st, his power thwarts:
Confound his strength, and let thy hand
Conduct us to the promis'd Land.

Ejaculat. 101.

Lord, shouldst thou punish every sin,
Or strike as oft as we offend,
How quickly would our plagues begin!
How soon this sinful world would end!
But Lord, thy tender Mercies stand
Within the gap, and hold thy hand.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 102.

Lord let thy wonders, and thy wayes,
Inflame my heart, my tongue my Pen,
That Pen, and tongue, and heart may praise
Thy name before the Sons of men.
Look where I list, high, low, or under
I see to learn, and learn to wonder.

Ejaculat. 103.

O Lord whose mercies, and whose pathes
Transcend th' expressions of my tongue
Instruct my heart to keep thy Laws
And I will praise thee in my song,
Lend me thy pow'r, or strengthen mine
And I will crush my Foes, and thine.

Ejaculat. 104.

O thou that sit'st in Heaven, and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within;
Be thou my Prince, be thou my priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, so I rise to thee.

Ejaculat. 105.

Lord, teach my humble eyes the art
To see aright, and hands to do,
Then will I praise thee with my heart
In publique, and in private too:
Set thou thy fear in all my ways
To make me wise, to give thee praise.

Ejaculat. 106.

Lord, plant thy fear before mine eyes,
For in thy fear my Soul is blest;
Thy Fear's that Spring, from whence arise
My Crown, my Treasure, and my Rest.
What fear I, fearing thee? and what
Not fearing thee, Lord, fear I not?

Ejaculat. 107.

Highest of Highests, that dost raise
The poor and needy from the dung,
Advance my thoughts to give thee praise,
And, Lord, untye my stam'ring tongue:
So shall my heart and tongue proclaim
Rare *Halelujahs* to thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 108.

O God, the Mountains, and the Seas
Confess thee, Lord of Sea and Land,
They quake and tremble, if thou pleafe
To shew the Power of thy hand:
So shall my heart, when thou think'ſt good,
To turn my flint into a flood.

Ejaculat. 109.

Lord, teach our loyal hearts to build
Their constant hopes upon thy hand;
Thou art our Help, thou art our Shield,
Wherein our hopes of safety stand:
Send down thy blessings, and then we
Will send all Praises up to thee.

Ejaculat. 110.

My God, thy Mercies so abound,
That every minute speaks their story;
They have no limits, have no bound;
Ours are the comforts, thine the glory:
And what thy Mercy more displays,
Thou art contented with our Praise.

Ejaculat. 111.

Surpaſſing Lord, whoſe mercies have ſurpaſt
The limits of the worlds expreſſion
Whoſe truth continues firme, and faſt
To thy elect, and their ſucceſſion.
To thee perpetuall praiſe be given
By Saints on earth, and ſouls in heav'n.

Ejaculat. 112.

Good God! thy mercy and thy might
What heart conceives? what tongue can tell?
Thou filleſt my darkneſſe with thy light,
And haſt redeem'd my ſoul from hell.
Thou art my God, thou onely art
The ſtrength, and muſick of my heart.

Ejaculat. 113.

O God thy Law's a field, in which
The fruitfull ſeed of life is ſown;
No ſeed ſo rare, no ſoil ſo rich;
It renders infinite for one.
O God, how fair theſe fields appear!
O God, what pearls are buried here!

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 114.

Great God, whose ever-wakefull eye
Doth never slumber, never close;
Teach all my dangers to rely
Upon thy help, there safe repose:
Be thou my shade, be thou my stay,
I will not fear by night, by day.

Ejaculat. 115.

Lord let the fire of my true zeal
Unto thy house for ever flame
Where let my thanks, and praise reveal
The hidden honor of thy name.
Let Sions glory still encrease,
And blesse her walls with plenteous peace.

Ejaculat. 116.

O God to whom my thoughts direct
Their constant hopes, and hopefull eyes,
Let not my soul in vain expect
For mercy, from such gracious eyes:
Maintain thine honor; 'Tis not me
The proud contemn, Great God, but thee.

Ejaculat. 117.

Lord, give me a believing heart,
Though wanting strength I fear not man,
If thou be pleas'd to take my part,
Let malice do the world it can.
Although insnar'd I will not fear,
For thou art stronger then a snare.

Ejaculat. 118.

Give me the heart, O God to trust,
And lead my footsteps in thy wayes,
Quell thou the power of th' unjust,
That righteous hearts may give thee praise.
Do good to good men, and encrease
Their number, plenty, and their peace.

Ejaculat. 119.

Lord we are Captives, and we bow
To Satans burthen every hour,
We sow in teares, oh when wilt thou
With Joy requite the weary sower.
So blesse my labours that I may,
With comfort long to see that day.

Ejaculat. 120.

What I poſſeſſe, or what I crave
Brings no content, great God, to me
If what I would, or what I have
Be not poſſeſt, and bleſt in thee,
What I enjoy, oh make it mine
In making me, that have it, Thine.

Ejaculat. 121.

Lord plant my fears within my breſt
That I may walk thy perfect ways
Then ſhall I proſper and be bleſt
In all my deeds in all my dayes.
Then ſhall I ſee the fairer riſe
Of Syons glory, *Iſrael* peace.

Ejaculat. 122.

Lord ſince there muſt be alwayes Poeſie
T' afflict the ſouls of fleſh and bloud,
Let mine be ſuch as do oppoſe
Thy Churches peace, thy Sions good
Then let that righteous arm of thine
Confound, or cure thy foes, and mine.

Ejaculat. 123.

Hearer of prayers, to whom should I
Implore, but thee, in my distresse
For mercy harbors in thine eye,
And thou art fil'd with righteousnes.
To thee, O God, my hopes shall flee,
My soul expects no help but thee.

Ejaculat. 124.

Lord if mine eyes should look too high,
Or ranc'rous heart begin to swell,
Break thou the tumor, curb mine eye,
Lest one grow fierce, the other fell.
So shall my soul grow wise, and flee
From her own strength, and trust in thee.

Ejaculat. 125.

Lord let mine eyes not sleep untill
I build thy Temple in my brest,
Take pleasure then, and make it still
The chosen palace of thy rest:
Let all her Foes be trodden down,
And let thy glory be her crown.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 126.

Lord we are ſeveral members joyn'd
To make one whole, whoſe head thou art,
Let all our thoughts but make one mind,
And give one body, but one heart.
United ſouls of Saints appear
The ſweeteſt muſicke in thine eare.

Ejaculat. 127.

Light thou the Lamps, great God, that they
Lightn'd by thee may give us light,
Let their bright luſter drive away
All darkneſs from thy Courts by night,
Bleſs us and them, that they, and we
May bleſs thy name, firſt bleſt by thee.

Ejaculat. 128.

Let every wonder that I ſee
In Heav'n, and earth, and in the ſeas,
Advance ſome honor, Lord, to thee
That didſt, and canſt do, what thou pleaſe,
Let others worſhip wood and ſtone,
My ſoul ſhall bleſſe thee, Lord, alone.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 129.

Good God, where ere I cast mine eye
On earth beneath, or heaven above,
I see thy goodness, and I spye
Perpetuall pledges of thy love.
Thy favours through the world extend
And of thy mercy is no end.

Ejaculat. 130.

Lord if my tongue, and busie quill
Be not in *Sions* praise employ'd,
Then let my hand forget her skill
And be my tongue for ever void
Thy praise shall be my chief delight
Whilst tongue can speak, or hand can write.

Ejaculat. 131.

Kindle O Lord, my love with zeal,
Light my affections with thy fire,
Give my tongue courage to reveal
The secret glory of thy name,
Be thou my God, in all distresse,
And let thy hand be my redresse.

Eaculat.

Ejaculat. 132.

Lord thou that mad'st me, and do'st pry
Into the secrets of my heart
From whose all-presence none can flye
Nor hide them there, but where thou art,
Inform my soul, inflame my brest
And lead me to eternall Rest.

Ejaculat. 133.

Lord keep me from my self that am
The greatest Foe, I need to fear
O cover thou my face with shame
And give my sins no dwelling here.
Subdue my flesh; and then my Spirit,
Shall sing the praises of thy merit.

Ejaculat. 134.

Lord when my grief shall finde a tongue
To cry for help, finde thou an eare,
Whilst others seek to do me wrong,
Make thou O God my conscience cleer
In those self-snares they have prepar'd
Let my insnarers be insnar'd.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 135.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faiths forget their vows,
When earth, and all things in it change,
O Lord thy mercies fail me never,
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

Ejaculat. 136.

Judge not my actions by thy Laws
For then my sorrows are but just,
But let thy mercies plead my cause
For in thy mercy is my trust.
Those that oppose my soul, oppose,
I am thy servant, they thy Foes.

Ejaculat. 137.

What is there Lord, what is in me
To hope for safety from thy power?
What help can I expect from thee
That merit vengeance every hour?
How great so ere my sins have bin,
Thy mercy's greater then my sin.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 138.

Great God, whose kingdome hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend
Whose justice none can feel, and live,
What my dull heart can not aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire,

Ejaculat. 139.

O Lord my judgements dark, and blind,
It cannot judge twixt good, and ill,
My will is captiv'd, and confin'd,
It wants a freedome how to will,
Great Lord o pow'r, great God of might
Release my hands, restore my sight.

Ejaculat. 140.

Great God whose goodnes doth repleate
And fill our coasts with full encrease
That feed'st us with the fat of wheat,
And glad'st thy Sion with thy Peace.
How more then others are our days
Extreamly bound to give thee praise.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 141.

Shall frost and snow give praise to thee
And shall my soul not bear a part,
Lord, frost and snow appear to be
Not half so cold as is my heart.
Shine glorious sun, thy beams but felt,
My frost will thaw, my snow will melt.

Ejaculat. 142.

Great God to whom all praise belongs
Whom Syon sings, and Israel fears
O stop those lusts that stop our tongues
And fright thy glory from our ears.
Do thou enlarge what flesh restrains,
And bind those Kings, our lusts in chaines.

Ejaculat. 143.

Lord season my unsavory spirit,
And bridle my too headstrong will,
That I may always take delight
In acting good, and shunning ill.
O give me grace to understand,
My life is always in thy hand.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 144.

Direct my steps, Lord, be my way
And make thy paths my sole delight,
That like a traveller I may
Not fail to rest with thee at night.
O me, how happie, and how blest,
[Lord] should I be in such a rest!

Ejaculat. 145.

Lord let the morning of my griefe,
Finde out a night of lasting pleasure,
Thou art the God of my relief,
In povertie, thou art my treasure.
I care not Lord how poor I be
Unto the world, so rich to thee.

Ejaculat. 146.

Lord let thy sacred fire thaw
The Ice of my hard frozen zeal,
And let thy will be my known Law,
So shall my heart, thy worth reveal,
And with a *Halelujah* Song
My tongue shall praise thee all day long.

THE END.

Ejaculat.

Ejaculat. 147.

Great King of Peace, be pleas'd to send
Thy Peace to our distemper'd Land,
O we are bad, teach us t'amend,
And let not ruin be our brand;
Then shall our lavish lips deliver
Our thanks in Peace, to our Peace-giver.

Ejaculat. 148.

If it be so that we must fight,
Lord make our crimes to prove our Foes,
For thou (our God) dost take delight,
To see such pleasant Wars as those.
O may such wars as these encrease,
Untill our conquests end in Peace.

Ejaculat. 149.

Lord let the praises of thy power,
Advance the power of thy praise,
Let every day, let every hour,
Praise thee till heaven fail, and dayes.
To thee all power and praise be given,
By Saints on Earth, by Souls in Heaven.

THE END.